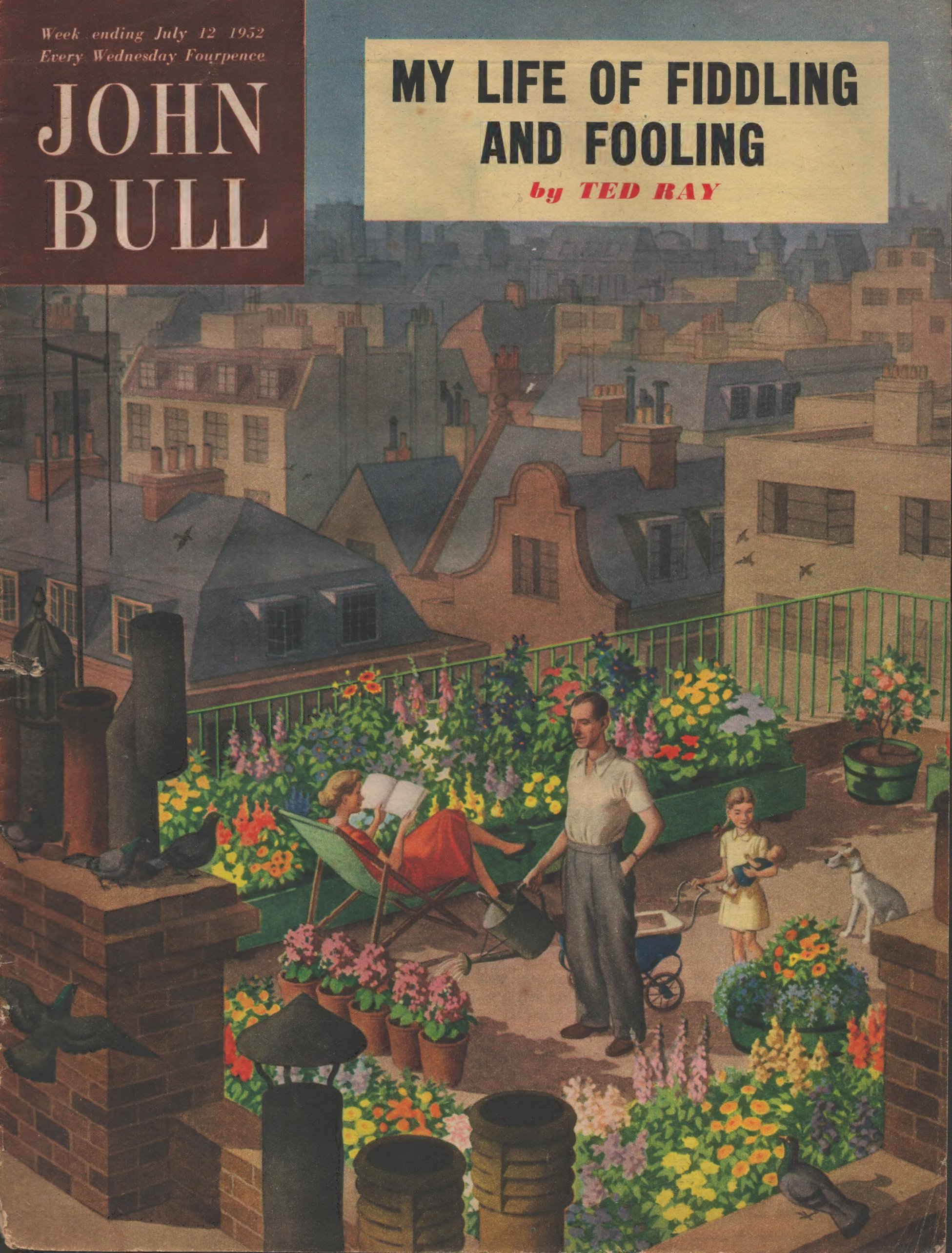
Week ending July 12 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

MY LIFE OF FIDDLING AND FOOLING

by ***TED RAY***



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JOHN BULL EDITORIAL

The wages problem

SEVEN MILLION WORKERS in the biggest unions alone are demanding more wages.

But the Chancellor, Mr. Butler, insists that "wage restraint" is now more necessary than ever. Between him and the unions the whole vast problem of wages—which comes down in the end to the shillings in the housewife's purse—is bedevilled by the row over the food subsidy cuts.

Say the unions: "Living costs are still going up because food is dearer." Says Butler: "Living costs are coming down—look at cheaper clothes and textiles."

But whatever the outcome of that argument, the fact remains that the problem of wages chasing prices is the biggest one on the home front.

It *must* be solved—yet nothing constructive on a big enough scale is being done to solve it. Piecemeal disputes, industry by industry and often district by district, will never clear it up.

FOR example, the railwaymen claimed a ten per cent rise last month and were turned down. That was very important because it was the first national wage claim to be decided since the Budget.

The miners want another 30s. a week all round. The engineers want at least as much as that, and there is strong feeling in some of their unions that it should be £2. Busmen, too, are in the hunt for more money, and the farmworkers, whose lot has been rightly improved since the war, still claim that their earnings do not compare fairly with other people's.

If all the claims succeed — or even partly succeed — there is bound to be another steep rise in general living costs.

The weakness in the Chancellor's case is that the price decreases he can point to are mainly those of things which, though necessary, can be put off. Food, the dominant necessity, gets dearer. Fuel, light and heat creep upwards rather than down.

Nearly all the wage-earners concerned can now justly argue that they are worse off, setting pay against prices, than they were a year ago.

Their solution is, of course, higher wages. The Chancellor's solution is, of course, to keep wages down while his economic policy has a chance to work.

IN between are the responsible trade union leaders, trying desperately to keep a balance.

They must not disappoint their followers too much—or they will lose their authority. They must back up the Chancellor as far as possible, because they know as much about the dangers of inflation as he does.

Can we strike a balance between wages and prices?

By the present methods, or lack of methods, no! Appeals for restraint, attacks on the Tory Government, claims and counter-claims and bombardments of statistics will not do it.

But there might be hope if a national conference, above politics and representing workers, employers and Government, were to grasp this nettle sincerely and with full publicity.

It could set the cost of living index against the wage index. It could decide which wages have now fallen substantially behind prices. It could calculate how much prices would rise again if those wages were brought up to the average.

It could then offer the nation what should be regarded as a reasonable standard of living—and finally produce what has often been called for vainly in the past, a lasting policy.

ONLY thus can the sectional grievances which now drive millions of workers to angry action be allayed. That can never be done by sectional groping after what seems to be economic justice.

All must go forward together. Impossible? Who can say until it has been tried?

There is only one certainty—that the present methods have failed.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RONALD LAMPITT'S cover is a tribute to the enterprise of amateur gardeners. He, himself, has plenty—he *sails* in his own back garden at Sidcup. First he made a paddling pool for his children. Sixteen feet wide, it took a lot of digging. Then he had a bright idea. He built a boat—a *real* boat with sails. Now daughters Judy and Susan (and sometimes father) go sailing round the garden—the envy of the neighbourhood.

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"Now I sleep the whole night through.."

"... *Winter and summer I was never free and never knew what a night's sleep was ... Now I sleep the whole night through and everyone tells me how much better I am looking ...*" (*Mrs.*) *J. C., Leeds, 8.*
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FREE SPEECH

Luftwaffe girl who sent out escape warning

DURING THE WAR, I was a teleprinter operator in the Luftwaffe in Prague and sent out to the Gestapo and the police the message giving news of General Giraud's escape from a castle near Dresden.

It was in April, 1942, and the message gave only his description and his possible escape routes. As our rule was, "See, hear and be silent," I knew no other details until later, when I learned that he and his wife had been preparing his escape for more than a year. As a Czech citizen of German parentage, I had been called up by the Germans. After the war, I was imprisoned by the Czechs but later came to Britain, where I met my English husband.—MRS. ELIS DAVIES, 14 Shrewsbury Street, Glossop, Derby.

Unlucky In The "Kingdom"

HAMMOND INNES's wonderful serial, *Campbell's Kingdom*, has interested me very much, because, when I was a boy, I went to live at my uncle's place about twenty miles from Calgary, and worked in that area for many years. Campbell's Kingdom would be in about the same place as the old Bar W ranch, run by a Mr. Noble, whose punchers used to come into town and play havoc in the bars. I was in Calgary in the first oil boom, when a lot of companies started drilling, and, unfortunately, sank all my savings in a dud well.—JAMES DARLING, 31 St. Andrew's Road, Portslade, Sussex.

Proud Or Fearful?

WHY DO so many Englishmen refuse to speak anything but English when they are abroad? Is it pride, or fear? Having noticed so many English people trying to make themselves understood in their own language in Europe, I think that languages should be regarded as of more importance in our schools. — TREVOR R. JOHNSON, Rutherford, Crighton, Dumfries.

Looking On The Bright Side

AS A SELF-EMPLOYED MAN I pay £16 17s. a year in insurance stamps, but I cannot claim unemployment benefits. The other day I took to a chemist a prescription costing about two shillings. I told him that I calculated that it would have cost me £67 8s. "Never mind," he replied, "perhaps this is the start of a long illness."—ROY FISK, 10 Ashlin Grove, Lincoln.

Equal Pay For Housewives

YOUR EDITORIAL ON equal pay for women (JOHN BULL, June 21) rightly said that once equal pay has been granted in the Civil Service it must rightly be given to all women, in whatever job. But what of the great majority who are doing the most necessary job of housewife and mother? At present the State allows a man in tax reductions an average of £50-£60 (actual money) for a wife *and* a daughter. Will those who are fighting for equal pay fight for a just allowance for these women—and who do they say should foot the bill? You say that the last dam against equal pay is now the resistance of the permanent officials of the Treasury. May I assure you that the National Association of Schoolmasters, of which I am a member, will continue to be the "last dam" if the Treasury officials give way.—R. HUMPHREY, 115 First Avenue, West Molesey, Surrey.

... You mentioned the Government's pledge to take some action "during the lifetime of this Parliament," which may last until 1956. Parliament first formally approved the principle in 1920. How patient women are!—MRS. E. R. B., Hayes, Kent.

James Stewart's Twins

HAVING FOLLOWED with great appreciation JOHN BULL's articles on films and the lives of the stars, I am always looking for news of the stars' children. I should very much like to know how

the James Stewart twin girls are growing up.—E. M. WHITE, The Cottage, 38 Cambridge Road, Southend-on-Sea.

Picture above was taken on their first birthday, May 7, this year.

Who Was Unreasonable?

ENTERING THE FISHMONGER'S soon after he opened at 9.30 a.m., I found a small queue and the fishmonger unloading boxes of fish and dressing his window, making his customers wait while he did so. I was in a hurry and asked how long he would be. "Only just want to get this lot out," he replied. "It should have been out before you opened the shop," I said. There was a horrified silence and the fishmonger looked hurt and said: "Oh, go on, be reasonable, lady!" I walked out. Was I being unreasonable?—MRS. J. M., Birmingham.

Clapping The Sermon

LISTENING TO A SERMON in a local church recently, I was so enthralled that I nearly clapped at the end. It occurred to me then that, however well a clergyman may preach, he gets the same result from his congregation—silence. Why should we not show our appreciation in church?—MR. A. B., Worcestershire.

Crowded Out By Shoppers

VERY OFTEN the bus on which I travel home to lunch is almost filled with women shoppers, each burdened with two baskets and several parcels. Surely women have plenty of time to shop during the mornings and afternoons without crowding the rest of us out of the buses during rush hours.—A. T., Belfast.

Horrifying Honeymoon

MY HUSBAND AND I were horrified by the suggestion of your correspondent ("Free Speech," June 21) that there should be special honeymoon hotels. Nothing could detract further from the desired atmosphere. We look back to a perfect honeymoon spent in Paris two years ago, where only one friendly remark by the proprietor gave any indication that it was realized that we were on our honeymoon.—MRS. JOAN M. BAILY, 108 Borstal Road, Rochester, Kent.

... In December, 1941, I travelled with my new husband to Brighton. The front bristled with barbed wire and machine-gun nests. It never stopped raining for three days—then my husband had to rejoin his unit and I did not see him again for five months. Present-day lovers should not grouse about minor things. They have a lot to be thankful for.—MRS. I. S., London, S.W.

... I saw, in an American paper, a notice of a hotel which said: "Honeymoon couples given special inattention."—MRS. VERA DAWNEY, 52 Glanville Drive, Hornchurch, Essex.

Schoolmaster's Lament

I AM A SCHOOLMASTER—an intolerable profession if you do not "take in" something to revitalize what you "give out." My subscriptions to educational and cultural societies amount to £5 a year. Meetings, concerts and lectures cost me another £10 and music lessons and athletics £15 more. I am constantly buying books of reference and periodicals with good educational and cultural content. In all, I spend more than £50 a year in this way—and get no tax allowance. Yet if I were a dentist, and spent £50 on maintaining my instruments, this would be allowed in full.—TEACHER, Yorkshire.

Back Room Star

LAWN TENNIS enthusiasts hear a lot of the prowess of American players, but are not so often told about the "wonder teacher," Eleanor Tennant, who was largely responsible for the great success of such players as Alice Marble and Louise Brough.

I had a chance of seeing Miss Tennant at work in Manchester and took the enclosed photograph of her giving some pointers to seventeen-year-old Maureen Connolly—"Little Mo." Incidentally, Miss Connolly is not so little, being 5 ft. 4½ in. tall and sturdily built.—MISS J. H. M., Yorks.

Sunday-to-Sunday Holiday

MOST HOTELS AND boarding houses reserve holiday accommodation from Saturday to Saturday. This means that anyone who normally works on a Saturday either loses a day's pay or a day of his holiday, unless he is going only a short journey and can arrive late on Saturday night. If some hotels made bookings from Sunday to Sunday this would be avoided, and traffic congestion would be eased. — GEORGE PREECE, 119 Chaplin Road, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.

Gift That Was Not Free

THE ANSWER TO your correspondent who asked ("Free Speech," June 28) why housewives are wary of free gifts, is that most of them have been taken in too many times in the past. I remember opening the door and having a free gift thrust into my hand, after which came a long sales talk which resulted in my buying a 7s. 6d. article which I did not need. I didn't need the gift either.—MRS. D. V. ROBERTS, 95 Yew Tree Lane, Northenden, Manchester.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Why DRY SCALP can put ten years on your age

IF YOU HAVE the first signs of Dry Scalp (dry, lifeless, unmanageable hair, or dandruff in the parting and on the collar) do something about it now, before it's too late. For, if you leave it unchecked, you not only look untidy now, but there *may* be more serious hair trouble in store for you later on.

You can end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. All you need is a few drops, massaged in for 20 seconds every morning. Don't rub; work it in gently, moving the whole scalp. Your scalp will soon feel better, and your hair will *look* better—smart, tidy, well-groomed all day. Don't think this is an expensive treatment; a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic costs only 2/9d. and there is a double-quantity size at 4/3d. Get some today; if Dry Scalp is making your hair recede at the temples, or thin on top, quick action *now* can prevent it getting worse.

How to look smart all day

It's very simple—just massage in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for 20 seconds every morning, working it in gently so that you move the whole scalp. You'll soon notice a remarkable difference; your hair will look glossy and well groomed, and will stay neatly in place all day.

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THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

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Comatose comic becomes a televisionary

WILLIE's an (alleged) funny man on television. The original interference they designed the suppressor for. "View hallo," I hailed him. "How is life behind the screen?"

"*Very flat,*" *moaned Willie.* "*My brilliance is all out of focus. Much*

more of this constipation I get, and I'll never look another cathode ray tube in the face."

"A tube can cause a lot of trouble," I said.

"*What's your line?*" *snarled Willie.*

"The tube I mean," I said, "is the one you have behind your dinner jacket. 30 feet of it, and everything you eat has to make its way round its coils and circuits. Your intestinal muscles, which pull it through, can't get a grip on the soft, starchy food we send down nowadays, and they stop working properly."

"*What happens then?*" *asked Willie.*

"A break in transmission," I said, "caused by a technical clove-hitch. In layman's language, you're constipated, and your life gets out of phase. The thing for you," I said, "is *bulk*."

"*How do I take it?*" *asked Willie.*

"You *don't*," I said, "you get it by having All-Bran for breakfast. All-Bran's scrumptious, and it gives your muscles *bulk* to work on. It'll make you 'regular' in no time at all."

"*It'd better,*" *humphed Willie.*

It *did* too. The next time I saw Willie, he was in full colour, with a face that launched a thousand quips. "So you take a different view of things now, do you?" I chaffed him. "*Yes, yes and yes!*" *chirruped Willie.* "*I feel marvellous. That amazing All-Bran's made me as 'regular' as the News!*"

"Sh!" I said. "No advertising."

* * *

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Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

"I thought you had forgotten—"

"I would *never* forget your birthday, dear, but looking as radiant and lively as you do these days I could quite easily forget your age."

"*Flatterer! Yet not very long ago I was nervy, tired and worn out. No woman could look her best, feeling as I did then.*"

"Ah! But that was before you started taking Phyllosan tablets. That was certainly a good idea of yours."

"*Then why don't you follow my example? You've been depressed and tired for weeks.*"

"For once you're behind the times! I bought a bottle of Phyllosan tablets on the way home. Now I shall soon be looking and feeling as young as you do!"

"*That's splendid! You'll be amazed what a difference Phyllosan tablets will make if you remember to take them regularly.*"

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Team that keeps the *Ray's a Laugh* fans happy: Kitty Bluett, script writer George Wadmore, Ted Ray, producer George Inns and writer Eddie Maguire

My life of fiddling and fooling

by TED RAY

The first complete story of Britain's star comedian

THE FINEST ENTERTAINER I have ever seen was my father. He could mime brilliantly, tell stories with an air all his own, and play both piano and violin with some skill. Yet despite years of trying to make the grade, first as a music-hall artist and then as a publican, he finished his days as a ship's steward. He taught me all he knew, and anything I am today is due to the little man with the bright blue twinkling eyes who wanted to stop his son from trying in case the lad failed as he had done.

My earliest memory is of toddling one day into the bar of the Stanley Arms at Chorley, in Lancashire, and watching my father play the piano while mother banged two glasses on the counter. I did not know what they were doing at the time—I was only three and a half—but later I found out that they were trying to give the impression that there were some customers in there, when in fact there was no one. They had just taken on the pub and had to do something to bring the people in.

It worked, too, and for a time they were building up a flourishing business. My father's name wasn't Ray—nor is mine, either, if it comes to that. It was Charlie Olden, and I was christened Charles, too. I have often been urged to change it legally to Ted Ray, but I won't. I like to think that Charlie Olden is among the top variety stars at last.

Before he took over the Stanley Arms father had been what we would now call "resident comedian" at the celebrated Slip Inn, in the shadow of Manchester Cathedral. Business there was always brisk. The bars and the saloon were packed with free-spending business men, and the bloods of the city out for a convivial evening with the girl friends of the moment. It was an atmosphere thick with tobacco-smoke, rough-and-ready no doubt, but gay with the laughter of those who didn't mind

PICTURES FROM TED RAY'S ALBUM: "Me, four years old, with sister Lena near my father's pub, The Bull's Head. I gave my first 'show' there—standing on a beer crate singing"

"My father as I remember him—twinkling eyes and a smile. The finest entertainer I've seen"

spending their "bit o' brass"— but were determined to get full value for it.

The pianist would pound away incessantly—a pint (or perhaps a few pints) lined up and ready to hand on top of the instrument. Then from time to time in the course of an evening the artists would "oblige." Dad was a first-class mimic and a good character-actor in his own right. I can see him now as he sang, with a wealth of appropriate gesture, such gems as "The Sheep Stealer," "The Five Pound Note," and a number of songs made famous by Wilkie Bard.

He would be booked solid at the Slip Inn for as long as twenty or thirty weeks. After one such engagement he moved on to another town, only to receive an urgent message from his employer in Manchester: "Very disappointed in your successor. Can you recommend another good comedian?" Charlie didn't bother to reply or recommend: he just took the first train back and stayed for another long spell at the Slip.

Father Won Them Over

Mother spent her girlhood and youth working in a mill. Her people were of simple, industrious Lancashire stock, with no nonsense about them. She worked in Oldham and it was there that she and Dad met and fell in love—and were married. But only after some stiff opposition. For quite a while "the family" didn't take kindly to the idea of marriage with one of those unreliable actors. They regarded the smartly dressed Charlie, with his jokes and songs, with profound suspicion, and I have always thought it says much for his charm that he eventually won them over and gained their consent.

They were a happy couple and remained devoted for the rest of their lives together. But I have often thought what it must have meant to Mother to be uprooted from the only home she had ever known and to start zigzagging across the North of England with this young comedian—so different in outlook from the lads of her own circle in Oldham. They were ever on the move, living in cheaply furnished rooms: a different world from the routine of the mill.

Life, too, was hard in more ways than one. There was sorrow when their first baby died, scarcely two months old. A second child lived only ten months. The third baby, a son named Charles after his father, was stronger and survived. At the time the baby was expected, Charlie was appearing at a "free-and-easy" in one of the public houses in Wigan. It looked like a long engagement and he took a little house there so that at least his wife could have her child under a roof that was, for the time, their own.

My Ballad In The Bar

I suppose that this taste of what a settled life was like made him decide to give up his ramblings round the pub-cum-music-halls and take on the position as publican at the Stanley Arms. They were doing nicely there, too, when the brewery that owned it went broke. So he took over another pub, The Bulls Head, in Upholland, Lancashire, and it was there I made my first public appearance.

They used to stand me on top of a beer crate and I sang the songs that I had heard my father singing. The very first one was called "Mama's Teeth." I can remember it today:

While walking through a pawnshop with a few more brother pro's
We purchased several knicknacks and some second-handed clo's.
When I saw upon the counter with a price card underneath
A lovely set of second-handed artificial teeth. . .

And the song went on about taking them home to Mama, who had had nothing to eat for years.

The Bull's Head was an ideal spot for a growing family—my little sister Lena was born about this time. And although Dad was growing more and more anxious about Mother's health, I think they were happy years for them both. From my point of view, they were perfect. There was a really lovely expanse of meadow and grassland at the back of the house, and one day some gipsies came along with a donkey—a shaggy, dirty-looking thing. I took a great fancy to it and it was, "Please, Dad, can I have it—*please?*"

So Neddy, as it was called, was led into the bar-parlour looking, I may say, quite at home. "I'll toss you for him twenty-five bob or nothing," my father offered the gipsies. Dad won and I got my donkey. One of the locals made a little cart to go with it and I used to drive round the lanes.

A favourite spot of ours was a magnificent stretch of water known as the Abbey Lakes. It was a boy's paradise, but playing there one day I fell in, far out of my depth. Fright very vividly etched every moment on my brain, and I shall maintain to my last day that as I was sinking an enormous roach swam past and gave me the dirtiest look imaginable. I was dragged out by a local boy who was believed to be a bit simple. Some folks were even unkind enough to refer to him as the village idiot, but after he saved my life I would never again hear a word said against him.

Dad's customers would bet on anything and everything and I often wish I could recall some of the fantastic wagers made in our bar. But I do remember one fellow who used to collect a vast number of free drinks by offering—on a bet—to eat a dozen eggs in a minute. If he found a taker the secret was simple. Fried in vinegar, the eggs shrivelled up to such an extent that a tablespoon would hold the lot.

Bit Off Pup's Tail

I have never forgotten the captivating trick of one chance customer. Dad had bought me a little terrier pup. I was playing with him one morning when this fellow put down a half-empty tankard and said, "D'you want the pup's tail docked? I'll do it for a pint:" There and then, to my consternation, he picked up my pet, felt for the joint, and bit its tail clean off. While he was drinking his pint I ran upstairs, begged Mother for a bit of linen and, with tears pouring down my face, bandaged up the "wound." In fairness to this rough-and-ready surgery, I must

TED RAY'S complete life story joins the long list of outstanding successes which have been exclusively serialized in JOHN BULL prior to publication in book form. It will be published by T. Werner Laurie in the autumn.

say that I was far more upset than the pup!

Then came a tragedy for us all. My mother was in bed, and I vaguely knew she was ill. In fact, she had a serious internal complaint and had to be moved to Liverpool for an operation. I was very devoted to her and I think my parents' problem must have been how to get her out of the house without my knowing.

I clearly remember what happened. They gave me a penny and sent me out up the road to get some sweets. I was about two hundred yards away when I suddenly sensed there was something wrong. I turned and ran back as fast as I could, and saw her being lifted into a carriage. But by the time I could get there it had gone. My dad took me and sat me down on his knee and I cried my heart out. He said, "Don't worry, she's going to be all right." But I didn't get over it for a couple of weeks.

Goodbye To The Meadows

She was in hospital for months, and at first Dad tried to carry on alone. But he wanted to be near her, so he sold up The Bull's Head, and off we went to live in Liverpool. It was goodbye to the meadows and the bluebells. I was destined to become a "townie," and my recollections for many a year to come were to be of narrow, crowded streets, and all the sights and smells of a great maritime city.

Our new home in Liverpool was a little house in Apollo Street, Anfield, and with the adaptability of childhood I very soon had the run of the neighbourhood. Mother came out of hospital, and gradually her voice grew strong again and the colour returned to her cheeks. With his experience as a landlord behind him, Dad was at first convinced that he could take over a pub in Liverpool. But this wasn't as easy as he thought. There was nothing for it but to find a job. He couldn't keep two homes going—it was a desperate enough task to keep one—and this is what a return to a touring comic's life would have meant. So the stage and the "free-and-easies" were out.

Since he couldn't serve behind his own bar, Dad took the next best thing—a job as steward in the old *Empress of Britain*. It meant being away for spells of three weeks at a time—the liner was on the Canada run—but with his easy manner and ready smile Dad soon settled down to this new way of life.

Fell From The Jetty

Some childhood memories seem to return even more vividly as one grows older, and I remember the shock he gave us one night. The door opened suddenly and there stood an unrecognizable figure, the head completely swathed in bandages. I can hear my mother's cry of "Charlie" as she rushed forward, and Dad's attempts to soothe us and tell us what had happened. It seems that one night at St. John's, Newfoundland, he and another steward returning to the ship had walked over the edge of the jetty in the dark and fallen twenty-five feet. The other poor fellow was drowned, but Dad's luck was in, for once. He struck a motor-boat moored at the spot, and into it he tumbled with a gashed head that had twenty-seven stitches in it by morning.

Don't get an idea from this story that Dad was a heavy drinker. For a man whose life was bound up with the carefree, hard-drinking stage and tavern life of fifty years ago he kept a remarkably cool head. On board ship it paid the stewards to be temperate. As a smoke-room steward (this appointment was quite a jump in the social scale) he was often asked by the passengers to have a drink. The trick, of course, was to reply, "Thank you, sir, I'll have a whisky." Then he would go to the far end of the lounge, pour out a ginger-ale, raise the glass with a "Cheerio, sir"—and pocket the difference in the price between a mineral and a Scotch.

The shock of the first World War was felt even more forcibly in Liverpool than in other parts of Britain. With the lives of so many of the menfolk bound up with shipping, the war seemed very close. Mother's face grew anxious again for, although Dad was not in the Navy, the ships in which he sailed were turned over exclusively to the transport of food and he and his mates had many narrow escapes from U-boats.

"My wolf cub days. I was about ten here, and I'm sitting in the front row centre—I would be!"

I was going to Anfield Road Council School, and also joined the wolf cubs attached to our local place of worship, the Richmond Baptist Church, in Breck Road. It was in my capacity of cub that I made my first public appearance on a stage. They were trying to raise money for charities, and I sang "Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kitbag" in a real pukka soldier's sheepskin coat, a tremendous thing. I put it on—it was a boiling-hot night—I had greasepaint on my face and I had been told by the teacher that whenever I got to the passage "And smile, smile, smile" not to forget to smile. I smiled all right, but the make-up was running down my face, and the sheepskin coat was like a Turkish bath. I went down very well.

That was the first time that I got my name in the newspapers. They said, "the efforts of Wolf Cub Charlie Olden to help us to smile, smile, smile were fraught with great success—we couldn't resist it."

The Moon Went Out

A little later I made another appearance, singing "There's A Long, Long Trail." There were further instructions as to the "business" that should accompany the delivery of this classic. "Smile when you come to 'There's a long, long trail a-winding,'" I was told, "and point up there when you sing 'The moonlight beams.'"

"Up there," was a backcloth on which was a cut-out representing the moon, and behind it was somebody holding a lamp. I did as I was told, but every time I pointed to the moon, the lamp went out. I still don't know whether the kid at the back was trying to be funny, or if there was a short-circuit.

My one unrealized ambition was to go to scout camp. It cost only five shillings, but something always prevented me from going. One Friday evening I had my money all ready for the next day. To pass the time I had a game of cricket in the street.

Right Through The Window

There was an old man named Mr. Hughes who used to sit opposite when we were playing cricket, in a rocking chair outside his front door. He had a long beard right down to his waist, and he hated us, but we played all the more because we knew he didn't like it. Well, somebody sent down a loose one just off the leg side. I whipped it round to square leg—and it went right through Mr. Hughes's window. It cost exactly five shillings.

Just before the next camp, I managed to "make" five bob, which was shared with a young pal of mine called Leslie. At the corner of our street was a pub kept by Leslie's father, Bill Barker, a big man with a very bald head. There was a grating in front of the tavern and, one day, taking a keener interest than usual in this rather sinister hole in the pavement, we spied through the dust and filth what was quite unmistakably a half-crown. In my boyhood 2s. 6d. represented three months' pocket money, and we were certainly not going to lose this treasure trove if we could help it.

It took one flash of inspiration, and I was back in a couple of minutes with a metal lath wrenched from under my bed. Skilfully bent, it suited our purpose. Suddenly, Bill's burly

Continued on page 22

A GIRL WITH A GUN

by ***DAVID WALKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

For 200 years, the feud had been cooling. Then along came a red-headed female McRummon to hot it up again

IT IS A FACT THAT THE MOST BITTER blood feuds thrive among mountains. The quarrel between McRummons and MacQuittys was an example. It began far back in antiquity, led to a massacre, flourished in the '45, caused a famous lawsuit in the nineteenth century. It slumbered in the mid-twentieth. But grievance dies hard in the hills.

Ian MacQuitty and Sheila McRummon had gone to the same children's parties. They had grown up in an age of great quarrels and bloodshed, in times when a family feud seemed petty and ridiculous. In theory at least, they were inclined to laugh about their acrimonious ancestors. They liked—even admired—each other in the same wary, mindful way. They were on good terms. But that was before their meeting in Edinburgh last month.

Sheila was not a girl who would pass unseen in a city crowd. That red hair might blend with the brightness and shadow of her native moor, but in grey Princes Street it was a beacon.

They stopped and chatted idly about the things they both liked—about fishing, and the stalking which would soon begin.

Then: "What brings you to Edinburgh?" Ian asked.

"McRummon wanted me to see about a new deer fence." Sheila referred thus to her widowed father, the McRummon of McRummon, chief of Clan McRummon.

"A new deer fence? What on earth for?"

Sheila blushed, regretting her incurable habit of speaking first and thinking afterwards. "It's just a short piece," she said. "A mile or less."

"Whereabout?"

"From the window of the Great Bog, round the Mount to the West March. It's old Lachlan's idea, as a matter of fact. He says we're losing beasts every year, and with venison fetching such a huge price and everything——" She faltered at the sight of Ian's face, which was going a deep red.

"Do you mean to say you're going to put a fence on the Disputed Ground?" he demanded. This land had been the subject of the famous lawsuit. The McRummons, who had won, might call it the Mount, but to the MacQuittys it was the Disputed Ground, known by that name only.

"Why not, Ian?" she said, still conciliatory. "It is our land. Besides, all that silly business was so long ago."

"It never was your land. And what right have you to trap my deer in your forest?"

"People have built deer fences since the year dot." She was becoming annoyed.

"Not on the Disputed Ground. Not even your mad great-grandfather put up a fence there."

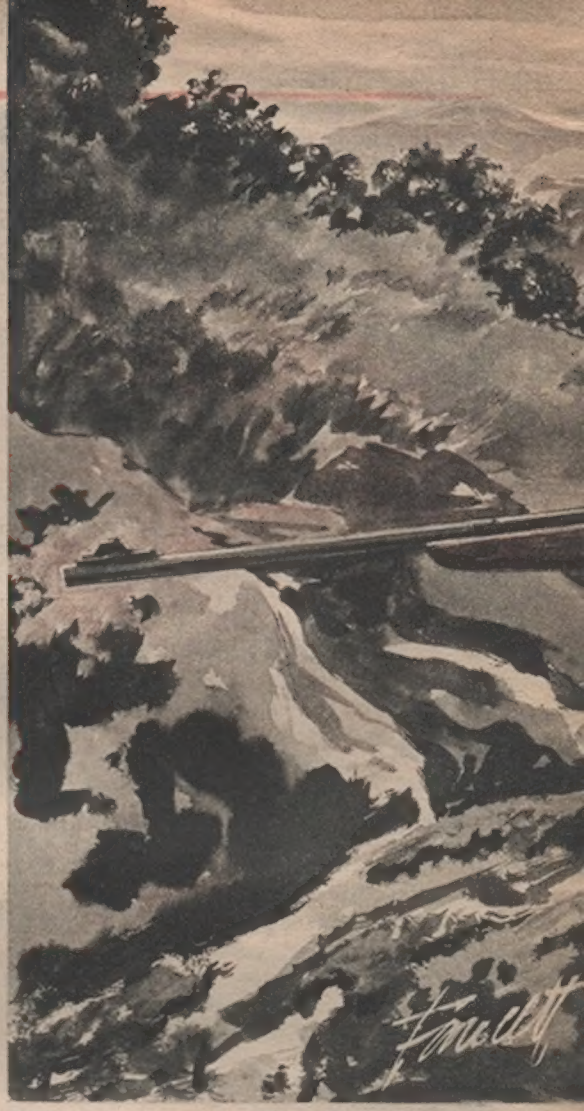
"Don't you dare to call my great-grandfather mad!"

"It's a typical McRummon trick!"

"We never broke our claymores!"

Which was a mortal insult, delivered at the top of Sheila's voice. These two faced each other in a gathering crowd. They made a fine picture of young anger. They were Highlanders, as gentle as their own hills, as fiercely uninhibited in moments of passion.

"Bloody Butchers!" shouted Ian. He turned and strode off amid hostile murmuring, for, in a public argument between the sexes, a crowd will tend to take the lady's part, particularly when the lady has Sheila's splendour.



"Take it easy now, Miss Sheila," said Lachlan.

Sheila faltered at the sight of Ian's face. "Do you mean to say you're going to put a fence on the Disputed Ground?" he demanded

THE morning sun was warm, but a cool, steady breeze blew down the glen from the west. Ian MacQuitty and Duncan Mactavish lay in a patch of old heather. Duncan was spying the hill. He steadied the telescope against his stick in the way of all stalkers, covering the ground systematically—not inch by inch, but possibility by possibility. He and Ian knew this hill by heart. It was the place of their childhood, different from all other places on earth.

"A hind and a calf behind the steeple," Duncan muttered. . . . "Twa hinds at the Man's Face. . . . Knobber on the brow. . . . Ten-pointer below the Bodach, but a bad head on him."

Ian's seven-power glasses were no use for spying at long distance. He searched the closer ground, found no beasts, saw a flicker of movement below at the big burn and put up the glasses again. It was a merlin, hunting low and fast above the heather. The small falcon swung along the northern hill face and out of sight, but it took his eye to something else.

"Just look at that, Duncan!" he breathed.

The stag had risen from behind rocks. He stood now, not four hundred yards away, head raised to taste the air. He turned half a watchful circle; then walked slowly uphill to the northwest. He was alone.

"It's the royal."

"Ay, his lordship himself." This was the stag they had hoped to stalk, a twelve-pointer in his prime, with a wide, symmetrical head such as you would not see in many years.

They watched him go, knowing too well where he was making for—a certain high corrie

Stealthily, she wormed her way forward to the edge of the corrie and peered over. What she was stalking lay directly below. She raised the rifle

where it would be cool in the heat of the day, and he would be free of the flies that plagued him. To the stag that corrie was a place of refuge; to Ian and Duncan it was the Disputed Ground.

They lay in silence, watching the deer climb sedately. He might just stop in a hollow this side of the boundary. Duncan's eye was at the telescope. Time passed.

"That's him crossed the March," he said with disgust.

"Blast it," said Ian. He was thinking of that deer fence, not yet erected, which would have held the stag this morning, but then he might never have been here at all in the first place, for many of the MacQuitty deer came over from McRummon.

Duncan Mactavish was brooding. "I happened away over on the bike last evening," he said gravely, nodding his head towards the north. "Janet and me was roaming a wee while. She happened to say that McRummon himself and Miss Sheila, and Janet and her dad—the whole four of them's away to the Drumfechan Games this forenoon." Janet was daughter of Lachlan, the stalker, who was also a McRummon, clansman of the chief.

"Are you sure they're going?"

"Sure as can be. She said Miss Sheila fixed to leave at ten thirty."

Ian gazed at him. "Nobody there. . . ." He grinned. "Well, what do you say, Duncan? I had a most unpleasant reply from McRummon yesterday, saying he had a perfect right to erect the fence, which he would do this autumn."

"Ay," said Duncan. "That's what I heard tell from Janet. It's her dad's at the back of it, and a mystery to me where that stuck-up old beezer got a daughter the like of Janet from. Well, we might just take a walk."

McRummon of McRummon sat perfectly still. He was in the gunroom. Along one wall was a rack for weapons—shotguns of all bores and descriptions. The wall opposite held maps of the estate, many thousand acres of hill and glen. All round the room were red-deer antlers—mostly above bleached skull bone, but a few of the finest heads mounted complete, the stags looking out of glassy, impersonal eyes.

It was an astonishing museum of murder-done; held an astonishing menace of murder-still-to-do. Yet McRummon was a kindly man.

He was also a very irascible little man this morning; his left leg lay on soft cushions. The gout had gripped him overnight. That he should have an attack on the day of the Drumfechan Games was an intolerable stroke of fate, for this was one of his few outings in the year.

The door opened and Sheila came in. She knew how disappointed her father was. "It's too bad, Daddy," she said, trying to strike the happy mean of sympathy—too much would annoy him, too little would bring groans of self-pity. He grunted.

"Lachlan's waiting to see you."

"Why don't you take Lachlan and Janet over to the Games? I can hang on by myself." This was a gesture of abnegation, made to be denied.

"Because it's no fun going without you. Besides, Lachlan wouldn't hear of it. Shall I tell him to come in, Daddy?"

"What does the feller want?" McRummon asked irritably.

"He only wants to commiserate, I think."

"All right, all right. Ask him in."

Lachlan McRummon, the head stalker, was a big man of sixty, a far nobler figure than his dumpy chief.

"Morning, Lachlan. This is a perfect nuisance."

"Good morning to McRummon. I'm right sorry." Lachlan held his hat in his hand.

"It's too much of a good thing."

"I'm thinking it's too much port wine McRummon has drunk." Lachlan was a militant teetotaler, temperamentally incapable of keeping his views to himself. He looked down at the carpet-slippered foot with disapproval.

"Stuff and nonsense," said McRummon. He sat up indignantly, moved his foot and gave a yelp of pain.

Sheila intervened, "Lachlan and I thought we might try for a beast. He says there's a wonderful royal up near the Mount."

"Oh, very well then," said McRummon.

Lachlan took Sheila's rifle from the rack, put it in a canvas cover, selected one of the telescopes, slung that and went to the door.

"McRummon should touch no whisky the day," he said, vain, egotistical, devoted, not a tactful man. He went out.

"What a sanctimonious, puritanical, dogmatic prig of a feller that is," said McRummon when the door was safely closed. "Look here, Sheila, if you're on the Mount, you might check the best line for the new deer fence. I think the actual March is too steep. We may have to come a hundred yards this side." He studied the red-dotted line on the map opposite.

Sheila hesitated. The fence was a bad topic for this morning; but he had raised it himself. "Daddy," she said, "I wonder if it's really wise to build the fence. I know Ian MacQuitty is the most impossible person——" She thought again with anger of their meeting in Edinburgh. "But isn't it rather provocative of us to put it on that land after all the old trouble? And do you think Lachlan is right about the fence holding our beasts? Wouldn't it keep them out, too?"

"It might," said the McRummon. "Furthermore, perhaps I wouldn't have done it after all, considering the enormous cost. But when that insufferable young ruffian said in his letter that it was the sort of thing he would expect of us—when he had the impertinence to say that, my mind was made up."

"I'll look, then." She bent and kissed him lightly.

Outside, she met Janet McRummon walking up to the house, carrying the morning's eggs in a bucket.

"It's a rare day, Miss Sheila."

"It is indeed, and a pity about not being able to go to the Games."

"Dad would never go without McRummon," said

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Men with a tradition never to refuse to do anything: Harrison (left) and his gang in their breakdown train

Crashed locomotive at Weedon.

Harrison's gang steam up to the rescue

by IDRIS HARRINGTON

When disaster strikes, it's the hour of the railway breakdown men. They start with an all-out effort to get to the injured

A FAMILIAR TAP ON HIS bedroom window roused Jack Harrison, chargehand of the railway breakdown gang at Crewe. He dressed quickly and hurried to the office of the District Motive Power Superintendent, near the shed where the gang is mustered. Bert Evans was there, with Taffy Roberts, Fred Dale and Jack Talford, and they were joined presently by Tom Short, the foreman fitter, and Fred Bratherton, Bob Bennett, Arthur Gardner, Walter Stockton, Les Lyons, Len Powell, Percy Parrott and Harry Booth. It was three twenty-seven on Sunday morning, August 27, 1950.

"Boys," the District Superintendent told them, "there's a mishap near Llandudno—place called Penmaenmawr. Pretty bad I hear."

It was just daybreak as they passed through Llandudno Junction, the platforms crowded with passengers brought in from the wreck by charabanc along the winding coast road. Some were bandaged. A few wide-eyed children pointed as the breakdown train rumbled past. Harrison had seen them before. Always the same children seem to be in a train smash.

And the scene the gang came upon farther up the line also fitted into the same monotonous pattern that train disasters have followed in Harrison's forty-years of breakdown work between London and Carlisle. There at Penmaenmawr, between the sea-front café and a string of houses, 115 tons of a Lancashire Fusilier locomotive were locked into the light engine it had struck. The leading coach, a mail van, lay wedged upon the first sleeping-car, now a crushed tangle of wood, glass, steel, bedding and split-open suitcases spilling their intimacies, with the next five coaches flung zigzag across the permanent way, and all but the last few derailed. Swarming over the wreckage were rescuers from nearby houses, firemen, police, railwaymen, soldiers, doctors, nurses, housewives with cups of tea, ambulance men standing by to carry away injured as soon as these were released. Where the ends of two carriages were stove in, a group of men worked in the glare of acetylene lamps, tunnelling towards a jagged hole where an arm hung limply.

Crane Was Her Only Hope

The rough count was six dead and thirty-four injured, most of the casualties being in the first sleeping-car, jammed between the floor boards and the mail van on top of them. In another coach an injured woman lay trapped, unable to be reached until Harrison could use his crane. At a glance he saw that about four hours of all-out effort lay between them and her rescue.

The impressive thing about the gang is their quiet effectiveness. There is no shouting—just the odd word above the clanking of their hammers and jack and the hissing clatter of their massive steam crane, with Harrison, veteran of 5,000 breakdowns, giving his directions to the crane driver by tic-tac signals. They have a tradition that a breakdown man never refuses to do or touch anything. Every one of them is a volunteer, and some like Harrison, have done it most of their working lives, living continually on call within easy reach of the shed, "knocked-up" out of bed at all hours, "knocked-up" in pubs, in cinemas with their names flashed on the screen, at football matches by a groundsman going round with a board, in church, once, in Harrison's case, at a funeral.

Though it is not possible for a breakdown train to be on the scene as soon as the local police, ambulances and the fire brigade, lives depend on how fast Harrison and his men can get there. At Bourne End, when thirty-nine people died and 205 were injured as the Scottish night express went down a bank into a turnip field, it took five and a half hours to extricate a trapped Scot. Kept out of pain with injections of morphia, his first thought each time he came round was, "Mind my coat. I've got no more coupons."

When a soldier aboard the 5.40 night express from Glasgow to London pulled the communication cord to take a short cut to his home at Winsford, and the 6.25 mail ran into it, the Crewe gang was on the scene within forty minutes, accompanied by John C. Foster, the District Superintendent. One passenger lay wedged between a rail and part of a coach. Foster himself directed the jacking operation, though he knew his son had been on the train and did not hear until later that the boy was safe. Crewe has other turn-out records, too. When a passenger train from Manchester ran into another held up on the viaduct outside Stockport, it took Harrison's gang from nine fifteen that night till four fifteen the following morning to get on the job—the fog was so thick that a man had to climb every signal post to see if the light was green before going on.

Out on an emergency call, the gang must work at it until the police have made certain that nobody remains in the wreck, alive or dead. Then the track must be cleared, if only to move the debris to one side, from where it can be recovered later. After the Culgaith mishap in 1930, when a passenger train collided with a ballast train in the Waste Bank Tunnel, two gangs had worked continuously for twenty-four hours before the Carlisle District Superintendent asked for reliefs. "Nobody is going to be relieved, and nobody will leave that tunnel until it is cleared," his superior told him. "And I want the line open by Saturday."

It was open by midday, Saturday, after fifty hours of endeavour. The difficulty was that the jib of the crane could not be raised high enough to operate inside the tunnel, so all the rerailment had to be done with jacks. The freight locomotive, down on its side, presented the biggest problem, which was finally solved by passing a heavy chain through the dragbox and hooking

The orders were that it must be recovered intact

the ends to two engines as these came up on the adjacent tracks. On the blast of a whistle they reversed and went puffing and tooting out of the tunnel with the casualty sliding along the rails. A great cheer went up as it appeared, and a movie cameraman, poised on an embankment outside the tunnel, was so surprised he slipped and rolled down into the cutting.

Close-up, Harrison's gang are deceptive, sitting modest and inarticulate in their travelling coach. Next door in the tool van are the heavy jacks, chains, winches, steel ropes, hooks, grabs and oxy-acetylene cutters. Their pride is the crane, capable of lifting fifty tons, and a familiar bird of omen to be seen pecking in the confusion of every disaster within its range.

Never Trust To Judgment

The Weedon smash last September was the worst of the year. Fourteen people died and thirty-seven were injured when the 8.20 a.m. Liverpool to Euston express plunged down an embankment. The job of recovering the locomotive was made no simpler by orders that this was required intact for examination by experts.

In breakdown work, the true skill consists in setting the crane so that it does not topple: this is done by anchoring to the rails with claw-like grabs, and fitting outriggers which are packed up with timber upon a secure foundation. With all his experience, Harrison never trusts entirely to judgment: one man is always posted to watch the crane's wheels for the first sign of lifting. A toppled crane is an indelible black mark on a gang's escutcheon; railwaymen never talk about them. But once there was a runaway crane. It happened after a breakdown job near Carlisle, when the grabs holding the rails were removed before the train was shunted up to make the coupling. The man holding the link missed the hook of the crane and the impact set it off. Before the gang realized it, their crane was gathering speed down the gradient, it's jib up, heading for an overhead bridge. Sprinting after it the foreman fitter was able to jump on. But he was too late to reach the brake. The jib struck the coping of the bridge, and he was killed by falling masonry.

Fortunately, accidents among breakdown gangs are rare—not for lack of dangerous jobs or any hesitation to plunge under the teetering debris, but, as Ross Campbell explains, because they know the limits of the tackle and observe the safety precautions. Apart from breakdowns, they are kept busy on outside contract work, running up perhaps to Heysham Harbour to load coaches for shipment to Belfast, or laying a bridge at Preston. News comes through

"There is no shouting—just the odd word." With arm upraised, Harrison directs the crane driver

that an elephant has gone berserk on a circus train and has had to be shot: the breakdown gang is sent for to remove the elephant.

They are paid six shillings extra for each call-out, plus overtime, which means that there is more money to be made at it than if they stayed in the shed on normal fitter duties. But breakdowns are all-weather work—"mostly bad-weather work," according to Harrison. At sixty, he was one of the few men of the gang to survive, without ill effects, the coldest night of their experience at a cutting near Rugby, when one man collapsed and most of the others were laid up for a couple of days after it.

Only A Drink Was Needed

Animals usually present difficulties in a breakdown, though Harrison remembers a polo pony they rescued by sawing off the top of the box as it lay on its side. Expecting trouble because the pony had been kicking and pounding, they brought up the crane. But all the pony wanted was a drink. One man fetched a bucket of water, and after that the pony came out quietly, picking his way daintily through the mess.

In breakdown work a man loses his capacity for being suprised: he has learned to expect anything. There was even a breakdown gang ordered out *before* the accident happened—in the Belgian Congo, where the signalman at a place called Leopoldville let a train through on the single line and then received a message from the next station that they had also signalled on a train in the opposite direction!

Shattering glass and seats jamming together cause most of the injuries in a train accident, while crushing and telescoping cause most of the deaths, though the latest buckeye couplings, designed to prevent telescoping, undoubtedly saved lives aboard the London-Glasgow express that came off the rails at Blea Moor in the Pennines. In most cases it is the weight of the train that does the damage; nine were killed and fifty injured when an electric train, moving at less than five miles an hour, struck a stationary train at Ford Junction near Arundel. But weight also affords passengers their greatest protection, and the railways claim that they are still a pretty safe means of travel. Their accident rate over the last ten years has averaged about one passenger killed for every 300,000,000 carried. THE END

The girl was already swaying her hips to the dance when Inspector Chafik sprang forward. He caught her closed hand. "She-devil!" he cried. "Drop it!"

DEATH DANCED IN BAGHDAD

by ***CHARLES B. CHILD***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

His Excellency's weakness was notorious. No man, Chafik reasoned, could get near enough to kill him. But a woman—a beautiful dancing girl . . .

INSPECTOR CHAFIK J. CHAFIK, WHO, for the past hour, had contemplated a glass of non-alcoholic beverage without moving or speaking, abruptly announced to his equally silent and absorbed companion: "Your thoughts are the dreams of a hashish eater, Abdullah. You would get nowhere, not on a policeman's pay. Exotic women are jewels for princes. . . ." He looked at the woman who sinuated in the cabaret spotlight, and then looked beyond her to the arbour where the extraordinarily tall, gaunt, sallow man sat.

The honoured man sat erect in the chair. He had a wedge-shaped head; the widest part was the back. His shirt front glittered with orders and his long bejewelled hands flashed as he applauded. The inspector sternly reminded himself that this was the chief executive of a sister country, who was paying a State visit to Baghdad.

"One would think," Chafik said, "that His Excellency would have vertigo watching the gyrations of this woman's stomach. But his predeliction is an international byword—and because of it, Abdullah, you and I are doomed to lose sleep lest his pleasure be disturbed by an assassin's bullet."

He selected a cigarette, offered it to the sergeant, and chose another for himself. The flame of the match accentuated the hollows of his swarthy cheeks. He had a fine nose, rather heavy lips, and a high forehead. His eyes were large, dun-coloured like the land of his birth, and weary with the cynicism of a very old race. He was a little man and his well-cut clothes failed to hide his thinness.

The inspector tried to relax. The cabaret was a pleasant garden, cooled by breezes from the River Tigris. It was secluded. Police patrolled the surrounding area; all guests had been screened before admission; staff and entertainers had been checked and double-checked.

But Chafik sat and nibbled his nails.

Sergeant Abdullah, a dour man, said soothingly: "Sir, an assassin has not a camel's chance to pass——"

"The eye of a needle, Abdullah, is a broad gate when Death is the visitor."

The sheepskin tongues of the drums bayed at

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HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS FROM BURMA

No-man's-land in search of a leader

Too many politicians, all wanting to be leader—that is Burma's trouble. The tragedy of it all is there in the remarkable diary of little Miss Kin, whose school seems to be for ever mixed up in the shooting match

RANGOON

THE DUST ROSE AND HUNG twinkling in the air as the ox carts wheezed and lumbered down through the villagers crowding on the steep banks of the river —a splash of colour dancing against the dry brown earth. A cluster of girls in bright, flowered *lungyis* began to form into a half-circle, manoeuvring the big, flat aluminium pans of food from their heads. With a whistle and rattle of chains, the four stout gangplanks of our river steamer thudded ashore—and pandemonium broke loose again.

Streams of coolies, charging ashore with sacks of rice and long bundles of cane and conical wicker baskets of fermented "pickled tea" from the Shan States, met more coolies and passengers and hawkers and yellow-robed monks charging aboard with piles of tin chests, bedding rolls and mats, bales of cotton, and trays of sweetmeats and betel and cigars and fried chickens' legs. It was murderous, but the usual Oriental miracle occurred: it sorted itself out.

Show Boat Of Progress

The *Paungde* set the life blood coursing again all along the banks of the Irrawaddy, from Mandalay to Prome and Prome to Mandalay. Yet the steamer was scarcely a sight to make the heart leap. Flat-bottomed and with her gaunt girders, her expanse of corrugated-iron roof, the naked anti-rust-painted steel paddle-wheel at her stern, she looked what she was, a monument to that industrial revolution which had so precipitately "opened up" King Mindon's Golden Kingdom. In the days of the Irrawaddy Flotilla — one of the greatest river transport companies in the world — these steamers had been the emissaries of Empire, the show boats of Progress, with the Victorian capital P. But now the Irrawaddy Flotilla belonged with King Mindon. The nationalised Inland Water Transport (Irrawaddy section) had taken over and all glamour was gone. The *Paungde* was just a shabby, floating warehouse.

A little "survey boat" came feeling its way slowly round the great U of the river, leaving behind it slanting, bobbing bamboo canes, red on the right, white on the left, to mark the channel. This was the season when the water was getting low, increasing the risks of navigation—and from "insurgent" marksmanship. The steamer that had passed us on the way up had half a dozen bullets through it.

My eye fell on the newspaper that lay on the saloon table. "Gyobu Pipeline Blown By Insurgents," it said. In Rangoon, the capital, they would be queueing round the corner hydrants, buying water from carts at eight annas a bucket. It was the second time in a fortnight—the sixth to date—that the water pipeline had been cut as it brought the city's water supplies in forty-two miles from the reservoir outside the city. Yet this was entirely typical. On Martyrs' Day, July, 1948, Thakin Nu, the Prime Minister, had proclaimed the

Premier Thakin Nu. A saintly man, he commands his nation's respect but cannot keep order

slogan: "Peace within one year!" On Martyrs' Day, July, 1949, he had proclaimed: "From peace to stability!" Yet the same crazy round of futility went on. Civil strife had cost Burma millions of pounds and thousands of lives. It had reduced Rangoon, once a fine commercial centre, to the dirtiest, seediest, most chaotic of all the run-down cities of South-East Asia.

"The trouble with us," said U Maung Gale, a little wistfully, at my elbow, "is that everybody wants to be a politician, and every politician wants to be a party leader." If Aung San had lived, it would perhaps have been different. For Burma's tragedy is the tragedy of the lost leader. The man thrown up by the revolution, the man who answered the needs of the hour, had been removed by the assassin's bullet in the first six months of Independence.

Thakin Nu, Aung San's chief lieutenant from his student days, had courageously stepped into the breach, but Thakin Nu, a saintly man who commands the nation's respect, had not that capacity for knocking fractious heads together, that mysterious something which made Aung San a little set apart, a little feared. So each little group of dissentients went off under its self-appointed leader with its own dramatic gesture of boycott or "going underground"—the Red Flame (Trotskyite), the White Flag Stalinists, the P.V.O.s (deserters from Aung San's own private army), the Karen K.N.D.O.s.

Little Gnome Of A Man

U Maung Gale, my travelling companion, was a stout little gnome of a man. Close-cropped grey hair bristled on a Burmese bullet head. A retired agricultural official, he embodied all those traits of the Burmese character which so often endeared them to their British overlords—the geniality, the virility, the good humour, the instinctive courtesy, the fundamental dignity. Brought up under the order and discipline of the old colonial régime, he had an assured and mature approach to life and the world unknown to the younger generation which came of age in the days of student strikes, political private armies, and the rampagious factions of the noisy Rangoon Parliament.

For in Burma today, politics is very much a matter of generation, and, in the generation that holds the stage, unfortunately, the defects of the Burmese character have been given full rein—the taste for melodramatics, the juvenile striking of poses, the individualism that turns to dacoity or political privateering, the oversensitive national pride that becomes first a morbid resentment of all criticism, then xenophobia. In Rangoon, if the police should dare to order a stallholder to move from the pavement, or summon a bus-driver for dangerous driving, they would next day be surrounded by threatening mobs of stall-holders or bus-drivers, denouncing their injustice. So everyone just went his own sweet way.

We Cowered Below Decks

Or consider the *Paungde* on which I was travelling. A rough wooden casing has been built around the front of the boat, so that, filled with sand, it would protect us from insurgent bullets. But it was not filled with sand: no one had ever got around to that. So when we came to a stretch of river where the banks were in insurgent hands, we had to go below and cower behind a narrow armour plate, while the ship's escort of twenty policemen thrust their ancient rifles over the side in warlike manner.

But nobody took a shot at us. The situation, without a doubt, was improving. A year ago it would have been impossible to travel like this from Mandalay to Rangoon. The main lines of communication were open again; the towns, too, were back in Government hands. But, beyond that, all Burma was a no-man's-land through which bands of P.V.O.s, Communists, Karens and Government troops circulated on each other's tails, like stage armies in an opera.

A raft of teak logs had drifted in to the bank and was stranded on the river mud. It might take several years for a teak log to drift down from the forests on the Chindwin, where it was felled, to the sawmills of Rangoon. With teak fetching £200 for fifty cubic feet of "decks," Burma, which had just repossessed her timber business from the foreign firms that had worked it for over a century, should have been in the money. Only a fraction of this wealth could be touched, for, three years before it is felled, a teak tree must be "girdled" with an axe, so that it dies standing, loses moisture, and will float. And there were still few places where the girdlers could work safely. Even this raft, here, had probably had a tribute of ten rupees a log levied on it by the Communists before they let it come down the Chindwin.

About breakfast time on the second day, a forest of tall steel masts came into view. They were oil derricks. Generations before Colonel Drake drilled the first well in Pennsylvania—the Year One of the Petrol Age—there had been hand-dug wells here in the Irrawaddy, operated by *twinzayos*, a corporation of twenty-four hereditary well-owners. Some of them, indeed, were on the job still, sinking their wells with shovel and crowbar, hauling out the oil in a bucket on the end of a long rope, "refining" it—perilously—in a drum over a fire.

The derricks of the oil companies crowded along both banks of the river for miles, punctuated by the big white houses of the oil men. And, in a score of complex chemical processes, the rich Burmese oil provided paraffin wax and kerosene for the lamps of India and China, two kinds of diesel oil, earth oil for rope-making and refrigerator burning oil—and pre-war, in royalties, one-tenth of the revenue of the Government of Burma. But now, nobody knew in how many places the 300-mile pipeline to the Syriam refinery was broken, how many pumping stations were wrecked, how much lead purloined to make rebel bullets.

"Our country," confesses Thakin Nu, with characteristic frankness, "is in a mess." There are in Burma some 20,000 insurgents, scattered over a country the size of France, indifferently armed, divided between an infinite number of bands, operating like children's gangs in shifting alliances, sometimes fighting side by side, sometimes fighting against each other.

Nation's Achilles Heel

Ranged against these rampaging bands is a Burma Army of thirty battalions, well equipped, supplemented by twenty-two battalions of Union Military Police. But, as elsewhere in South-East Asia, the army is not the firm backbone of the new state, but rather its Achilles heel. For these armies were revolutionary armies, not hammered out on barrack squares, but sprung up, overnight, in village fracas. They were armies of slogan shouters, where every private could see himself as a hero with a mission. Small wonder that strange things are apt to happen now when the army is employed for the dull purpose of merely keeping order. Quite probably, the patrols would sit down opposite the rebels, exchanging messages with them, or conducting ideological disputes. The people on the other side are, after all, quite often their old comrades.

Yet here, too, things were improving. Recruiting is going steadily on; new battalions are being formed; and, though experience is in short supply, an officers' training school is in operation at Maymyo. Thakin Nu now puts the time needed to restore order to all Burma at about five years. But U Ba Shwe, trade union boss and now Minister of Defence, told me that two years would suffice. He assured me that the Karen insurgents, who were once their greatest danger, had now been broken.

The *Paungde* glided on through the fading, yellowing light as the sun sank slowly behind the craggy jungle-covered foothills of the Arakan Yomas. The Irrawaddy seemed at that moment like some enormous, placid, ornamental pool. I was leaving the boat at Prome and planned to complete the journey to Rangoon by railway. I had heard that there were still some American Baptist missionaries in Prome, so I set out along the river bank, led by a youth.

The gates of the mission school compound were heavily chained and padlocked. We knocked and rang. Dogs barked. A servant with a hurricane lamp came out, gaped, went in again. We shook the gate. Presently two vague females appeared on the upper veranda, silhouetted against the light. Then there was a turning of keys and a drawing of bolts, and, the servant appeared and led us to the house.

A plump little robin of a woman, in the usual Burmese flowered *lungyi*, was standing on the stairway, peering down on us a little uncertainly through small gold-rimmed spectacles. She was, she intimated, Ma Aye Kin ("Ma"

Rangoon citizens scramble round a hydrant seeking water. Insurgents had blown the pipeline

The paddle steamer on which Hopkins travelled the Irrawaddy. Once it had helped to open up the Empire. Now it is just a shabby, floating warehouse

being Burmese for "Miss"). She apologized for the precautions, but these days—well, one couldn't be too careful. The Americans? Oh, they had left long ago; it was hardly safe for them any more. But she, Ma Aye Kin, still carried on the school.

She led the way to a lighted upstairs room where a dozen young Burmese girls sat around, demurely doing their homework. Painted on the wall in one corner—scarcely credible incongruity—was a brassy portrait of a full-bosomed platinum blonde from which the paint, here and there, was peeling. Ma Aye Kin simpered. That —oh, that was left by the British troops who were billeted here on the reoccupation. There had been so many changes. The Japs, then the British again; then that day when Ma Aye Kin had heard thirty cars driving up the river bund outside the house and watched the Communists marching off to arrest the District Commissioner and local police superintendent.

Broke Open The Treasury

The sixty or seventy Union Military Police had just vanished! The Communists had broken open the Treasury, helped themselves to thirty lakhs of rupees—and, as they all did—duly quartered themselves, despite Ma Aye Kin's protests, in the mission school. The Government forces arrived, the Karens investing the town on one side, a Gurkha battalion on the other, and the Red Government duly left. Ma Aye Kin had put the whole thing down carefully in her diary—and no more extraordinary document of a revolutionary aftermath can ever have existed.

After the Communists departed, the next major event to attract Ma Aye Kin's attention was the rebellion of the military Karens, who marched off, allowing the Communists to come back. Then there was the morning Ma Aye Kin woke early to hear bullets whistling over the mission compound. Making cautious investigations, she found the P.V.O.s had fallen out with their old allies, the Communists, and were shooting it out more or less through the school. Before they left again, the Communists burned a good many of the I.W.T. boats lying in the river. It had certainly all been a little confusing, Ma Aye Kin conceded, and no one had any money any more. Yet she was not unhappy. It had always been her ambition to have her own school and now—well, thanks to one thing and another, she had it, a school of 450 children to which most of the local officials were eager to send their children, since they did not trust the discipline of their national Burmese schools.

A Man Died Here

Next morning, I reached the railway station at 6.30 a.m. A long train, woebegone and crowded, was waiting, but I managed to find an empty carriage. It was dirty but no dirtier than the rest. A ticket inspector appeared and eyed the stains on the floor disapprovingly. "A pity those fellows didn't clean this place up properly after Accident Day," he said. "A man died in here, you know."

This particular Accident Day, one of many, had occurred four days earlier, when a mine had been exploded under the train, derailing the locomotive, wrecking several carriages, and killing twenty people. It was, as usual, the work of the Karens, the Karens who, the Ministers had assured me, were beaten and broken. For—such is the bitter path of civil war —train-wrecking was now the speciality of these people who, three years ago, had been famed among all the insurgents for their discipline and care for harmless civilians.

Like Cromwell's Ironsides, they were devout and simple men who went into battle with a hymn on their lips. I was told that, in 1949, they could have taken Rangoon. But when in their southward march they got to Pyagyi, they discovered that it was Sunday—and they had not got their preacher with them. They stopped and sent back for him a good many miles—giving the Rangoon Government time to get a battalion of Kachins between them and Rangoon. When, in due time, the Karens met the opposing Kachins, they looked at them and said: "Our quarrel is with the Burmese, not with you"—and turned back from the capital. That was the sort of men the Karens were—and that was the sort of war this was.

Missionary activity can rarely have had such dramatic and rapid results as in the early nineteenth century in Burma, when Dr. Andironam Judson, a recently arrived American Baptist missionary, bought out of slavery a Karen bandit named Ko Tha Bya. Ko Tha Bya learned to read the Scriptures, was baptized, and set forth to convert his people who were then a backward hill tribe. The Karens took readily to the Bible. They streamed into Rangoon to be baptized and, as they came, the Burmese, with the instinctive mass human hatred for those who do not run with the pack, clapped them in jail.

The Karens, nevertheless, came out of their hills, spread over the plain and prospered. But through several generations of atrocities and counter-atrocities the old feuds smouldered on. Towards the end of the war, the Karens and Burmese worked side by side against the Japs. But, with the war's end and Burmese delays in creating the Karen State a member State of the Burmese Union, outlined in the constitution, the old suspicions flared.

Obstinacy Of Simple People

Yet, however suspiciously the Burmese may have acted, the Karens were quite unrealistic in their demands. With the obstinacy of the simple-minded, they would not recognize that, though theirs is a large minority (one and a half to two millions out of Burma's seventeen), they are so scattered over Lower Burma that only in one small and poor area do they attain a local majority. And now the Karens were beaten and broken. Sooner or later, they would take the State which the Burmese were offering them. Would they be able to forget the unhappy past, to contribute to the building of the new Burma? There was little reason for hope, but even less for despair. Stranger things, after all, have happened in the history of nations.

NEXT WEEK: I join the pilgrims in Mandalay; and see the ruins of fabulous Gem City

I looked back suddenly, and stopped. The others had stopped, too, staring at the platform. There was a rending and tearing of steel, then the stem h

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

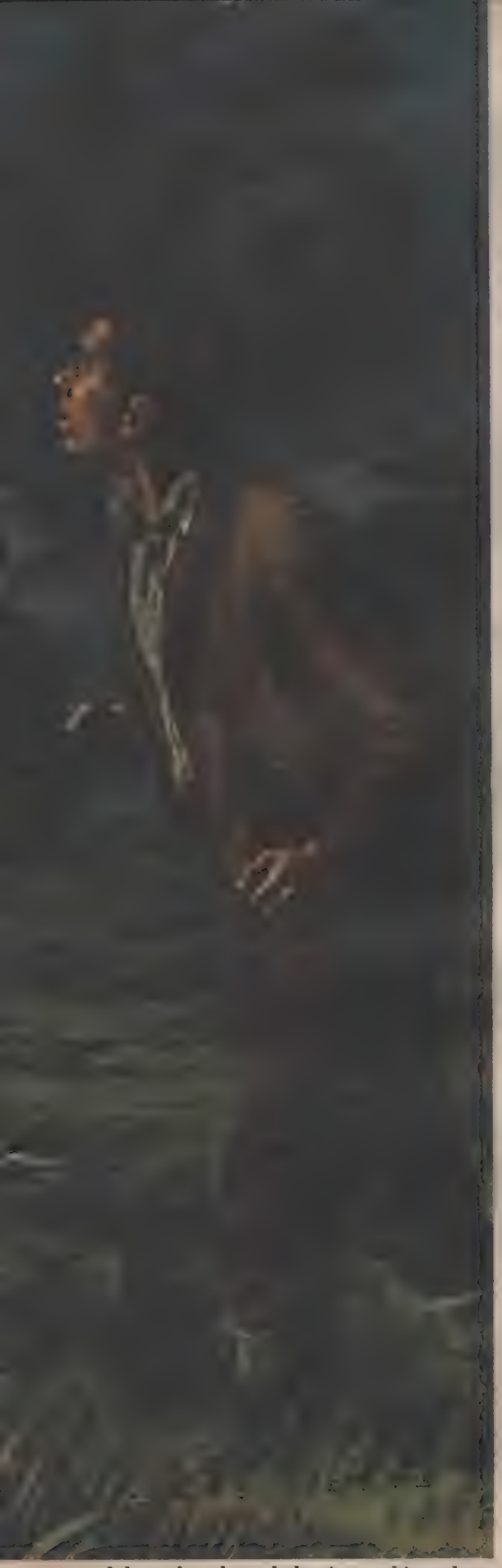
by HAMMOND INNES

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

I HAD BLOWN UP A ROAD. I HAD commandeered a mountain hoist. I had got my oil rig and drilling equipment up to Campbell's Kingdom. It had been a bold operation, and a violent one; and I should have expected violence in return. But when it came, I was unprepared. . . .

Campbell's Kingdom was left to me by my grandfather, Stuart Campbell. In Come Lucky, the little Canadian ghost town below my mountain inheritance, they hated old Campbell. And now that I planned to go ahead searching for oil in the Kingdom, they hated me, too; all of them except Jean Lucas, the English girl who had befriended my grandfather, and the Misses Garret, the Victorian spinsters with whom she lived.

Come Lucky's hostility arose because I refused



nt over and brought the whole rig crashing down

to sell the Kingdom to a big industrial group. The group was building a dam up there, and wanted to flood the Kingdom. The people of depressed Come Lucky saw in that dam their chance of prosperity.

Peter Trevedian, a local contractor, had already half built the dam, and work on it was going ahead at full speed. If it was completed before I brought in an oil well, the Kingdom could be compulsorily flooded. I took a partner, Boy Bladen, who found a drilling contractor called Garry Keogh willing to come in with us. Construction materials for the dam were being sent up a mountain hoist and it was this hoist that I commandeered on the night of my *coup*.

There was no prospect of repeating the *coup*. We would have to manage with the bare minimum of supplies we had brought up the

It was now or never. If we hadn't brought in a well by ten o'clock tomorrow, the Kingdom would be a lake

mountain. Knowing that, we started drilling. We were joined a week later by Jean, who had come up from Come Lucky alone by an old Indian pony trail. She immediately set about cooking for our team.

That was the situation on the night Trevedian counter-attacked. He sent a man to sneak into the Kingdom and fire our fuel supplies. I was watch-keeping on the oil rig with Moses, my grandfather's old collie dog. The raider shot Moses, and got away.

I raised the alarm, but the damage was done: We had enough fuel left to continue drilling for a week. After that, we'd have to stop.

PART 7

Sarah Garret Makes An Offer

DEAD beat, I dropped off to sleep after a quick word with Jean, and slept as though drugged. When I awoke, I knew what I had to do. I got my things together and took them across to the stables. As I was saddling up, Jean came in. "What are you going to do, Bruce?" she asked.

"Get on to Johnnie," I said. "See if he'll pack the fuel up for us."

"You're going alone to Come Lucky?"

"Yes."

She hesitated and then went back to the house. Before I'd finished saddling, however, she returned, dressed for the trail. "What's the idea?" I said. "There's no point in your coming with me."

She didn't say anything, but got out her pinto and flung the saddle on it. I tried to dissuade her, but all she said was, "You're in no state to go down on your own."

"What about Moses?"

"Moses will be all right. It's only a flesh wound. And the boys can cook for themselves for a day or so."

Something in the set of her face warned me not to argue with her. I scribbled a note for Garry, left it on the table in the living-room and then we got going.

The sun was shining as we rode in to Come Lucky. We met nobody in the sun-drenched street. The place seemed dead, as though the whole population was up working on the dam.

We tied our horses to the hotel rail and went in by the back way. There was the rasp of a chair and James McClellan, the hotel keeper's son and part owner of the hoist, stormed towards me, his face scowling with sudden anger. "I've been wanting to have a word with you, Wetheral, for a long time." His fists were clenched. His eyes were cold and there was an ugly set to his jaw.

I said quickly: "Was it you or Trevedian—or both of you—who set fire to our trucks last night?"

He stopped in his tracks. "What's that? Are you trying to swing something on——"

"I'm not swinging anything on you," I said. "I'm just asking you, McClellan—were you in on it?"

"In on what?" He had halted. Pauline, his French-Canadian wife, had hold of his arm. Her face was white. They were both staring at me.

"There's about two thousand gallons of fuel gone up and two trucks. Shots were fired. You're damned lucky it was only a dog that got hit." I turned towards the office. "Mind if I use the phone?"

"You brought it on yourself," he said. "If you phone the police, then Trevedian will report what happened——"

"I'm not phoning the police," I said over my shoulder. "I'm phoning for some more fuel."

The office was empty. I got hold of the phone and put a personal call through to Jeff Hart, the friendly mechanic who had driven me to Edmonton when I first arrived in Canada. Then I sat there, waiting, feeling sleep creeping up on me, trying to keep myself awake. I heard voices in the kitchen and then a door slammed and all was quiet. Half an hour later, my call came through and I explained to Jeff Hart what had happened. He couldn't get away from Jasper himself, but he'd talk to Johnnie Carstairs, another friend I had made during my first few days in Canada, and ring me back in the evening. Johnnie Carstairs was a guide and packer, and an old friend of my grandfather's.

I went out into the kitchen then. It was empty. I sat down in the chair by the stove and went to sleep. It was Pauline who woke me. She had made me some coffee and there was a plate full of bacon and eggs waiting for me.

"Jean told you what happened?" I asked her.

"*Oui*. I am very sorry." She smiled, a flash of white teeth. "I am sorry also that you do not stay. But it is dangerous for you."

"I'll have to stay till this evening. I'm waiting for a call."

"No, no. It is dangerous, I tell you——"

But just then Jean came in. "We must go now, Bruce. There are some men coming up from the bunkhouse. I think Trevedian sent them up."

I explained about the phone call. But all she said was, "Do you want to get beaten up?"

"You think I'm no good in a scrap?"

She hesitated fractionally. "You've been ill," she said. "I don't think you're very strong." She must have guessed what I was thinking for she added, "The way you handled Jimmy won't work with them."

SHE was right, of course, but it went against the grain to appear a coward. And yet it wouldn't do any good. Reluctantly, I got to my feet. Pauline suddenly touched my arm. "I will take your call for you, if you wish."

"All right," I said and told her what I wanted to say. "If he can come, arrange where I can meet him. Okay?"

She nodded, smiling. "Okay. I will leave a message for you with Miss Garret."

I thanked her and we went out the back way and round to the front to get our horses. There were about a dozen men coming up the street, a rough-looking bunch headed by a man I recognized, the man who had been on guard at the hoist the night we ran the rig up to the Kingdom. He was a little fellow with bandy legs and a mean face. He had been cowed when I had seen him before, but now, backed up by the men behind him, he had a cocky air. "That's him," he shouted. "That's the bastard." And he began to run towards us. The others followed at his heels and they were almost on us as we unhitched our mounts and swung into the saddles. I heeled my animal into a canter and side by side we drove through them. But as I passed, the fellow shouted a remark. It wasn't aimed at me. It was aimed at Jean. It was just one word and without thinking I reined up and swung round.

I don't know what got into me. I hadn't felt this way in years—that sense of being swept up in a red blur of rage. I pushed my horse towards him. "Say that again," I said. All that had happened in the last twelve hours seemed condensed into that one sordid little

Continued on page 29

Foxhunter and the Colonel jump to fame

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Between them, they've got what it takes to lead Britain to the top of the riding world—confidence and determination in the rider; strength and courage in the horse

ON THE SECOND DAY of the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay last October, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh sat tense with excitement in the draped and flowered Royal box. Below them in the arena, two international rivals in hunting red were fighting out one of their toughest duels: in the Puissance, the greatest test of a horse's strength and courage, all the competitors had been eliminated except Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn on Foxhunter, and the Chevalier d'Orgeix on Arlequin D.

Only two fences were now being used—the red wall, raised to 6 ft. 2 in., and the parallel bars at 5 ft. 4 in., which both horses had cleared faultlessly. The bars were raised to 5 ft. 8 in. for the final jump-off. Foxhunter went over the bars cleanly, then at and over the wall without a fault. Patting his horse's neck, Llewellyn watched their rivals; Arlequin refused at the bars, then jumped but knocked it. Rather than ask his horse to face the wall unnecessarily the Chevalier doffed his cap in acknowledgment of defeat.

With twenty-six firsts in international classes at the end of the season, Harry Llewellyn was declared the Leading Rider of Europe for the third year in succession—a feat which has never been achieved before. In those three years Llewellyn has become not only the most celebrated rider in the world, with a score of ninety-four wins in international classes, but the British team which he led in practically every important show jumping event in that period has suddenly and dramatically acquired a new standing in the sport.

Not so long ago, Lieut.-Colonel Mike Ansell, chairman of the executive committee of the British Show Jumping Association, had to stomach listening to a foreign rider suggest that our jumping team might do better to take up cycling—British cyclists were so much better than British riders. Last year Ansell had the satisfaction of seeing the British team win three of the seven national cups and gain second place in three others.

Honours for this feat are divided between a small company of men and horses, but two names stand out. They are Mike Ansell, himself, the only man who has ever played polo in the final of the Champion Cup at Hurlingham and jumped in the final of the King's Cup at Olympia the same afternoon; and Harry Llewellyn, twice winner of the King George V Gold Cup on Foxhunter.

Llewellyn and his wife, with Foxhunter. "A rider must be more than a passenger pilot," he says

He Could Not Get Off

Pat Smythe, Britain's leading woman rider, tells a story of Llewellyn to illustrate just how confident of his horse a man can be. "Harry and I were competing together in a relay at Geneva," she says, "and in the change-over we dropped the whip, which is used as a baton as in an ordinary relay race. There it lay on the ground, waiting for the gentleman to get off and pick it up. Harry couldn't. One of his stirrups was tied to his boot—he had hurt his leg in a fall the day before." Had Foxhunter fallen over any obstacle during that event, it would have been most unpleasant for Harry Llewellyn.

Confidence and determination have always characterized Llewellyn's horsemanship, with a calm, casual nerve in moments of climax: Foxhunter, too, a naturally lazy horse, needs the stimulus of noise and excitement to bring out his best.

Second son of the late Sir David Llewellyn, Harry has been riding and hunting as long as he can remember, and steeple-chasing since, at the age of fourteen, he got a taste for it helping Colonel Morgan Lindsay to exercise the horses he trained under National Hunt Rules. At seventeen, Llewellyn rode his first big race and, though he had difficulty later in making the weight, he rode every season right up to the war. In Palestine with the 1st Cavalry Division in 1940, Llewellyn made life more enjoyable by taking part in show jumping contests.

Italian Theory Challenged

The outcome of Llewellyn's jumping in the Army was that he won both the regimental and brigade competitions, and was recognized generally as the best show jumper in the Middle East with virtually every horsed British cavalry regiment out there.

Llewellyn's jumping theory differed somewhat from the precept of Caprilli, the Italian instructor, who first introduced what is known as the forward seat. For generations Caprilli's technique had dominated show jumping, though Llewellyn felt he had been taken too seriously when he advocated that the rider should not help a horse to regulate his stride in the approach to a fence. "In Caprilli's day," Llewellyn explains. "fences were approximately a foot lower than

Ridden by Harry Llewellyn, Foxhunter clears a jump during Olympic trials. A naturally lazy horse, he needs the stimulus of noise and excitement

those now jumped internationally. A rider can no longer afford to be a passenger pilot."

In 1947 he bought Foxhunter, a bright bay gelding of 16.3 hands, with a white sock on his near hind leg, and a slit ear as a result of once being too friendly with a cart horse. Born in 1941 with three-quarters thoroughbred and a quarter Clydesdale carthorse blood in his veins, Foxhunter was reared on a Norfolk farm, where he had to jump in and out of his barn over a solid 18-in. rail, and later was turned out in a field with 12-ft. dykes over which he loved showing off. He was good-natured like his parents; even before he was broken children could sit on him when he was lying down. Success has not altered him, for Anthony and Cleopatra, the Llewellyn's yard bantams, are often seen perched on his back during his afternoon nap.

Hunted hard with the Quorn for three years, Foxhunter was brought out as a novice show jumper in 1946, winning first prizes at the Peterborough and Beaufort Hunt shows, and again the following year when he won at Newark and Nottingham. Llewellyn bought him early in July, jumped him a week later at White City, then in five other international shows before competing in the Olympics with Kilgeddin, ridden by Colonel Henry Nichol, and Monty, ridden by Major Arthur Carr.

Out of the seventeen nations competing, Britain was placed third. It was the start of the campaign that took our riders and horses to Paris, Nice, Brussels, Geneva, Lucerne, Vichy, Dublin, New York, Toronto, Rome, Madrid, Ostend, Le Zoute, Rotterdam and Zurich, with a success that has made Llewellyn and Foxhunter famous abroad—and worked the miracle of a change of fashion at home.

With the membership of the B.S.J.A. increased in three years from 480 to 5,000, Britain has now the largest number of show-jumping enthusiasts in the world, with a non-horsy following that packed the shows at White City and Harringay last year to capacity. Britain is now show-jumping conscious. Even the B.B.C. has officially recognized it as a popular sport.

Duels That Draw The Crowds

Thanks largely to the Association's efforts at raising funds to send teams away, the international events are no longer solely within the scope of people who can afford the great expense this sport involves. In contrast with Llewellyn, a successful but dispossessed colliery owner, is Pat Smythe, who is as much a box office draw in Europe for her duels with Michele Canere as Llewellyn is with the Chevalier d'Orgeix. Pat buys her show jumpers as youngsters, breaks them in and trains them herself, often grooms them with her own hands, and drives their horse-box to the big shows around the country, trying to cover her expenses out of the prize money.

At home in Gobion Manor, Abergavenny, Foxhunter lives in a stable with plaques commemorating his victories studded over the inside walls and along the façade: most of the cups are given away or kept in a safe, as the Llewellyns dislike displaying them in the house. Foxhunter's neighbours are Monty, used for speed events over lower obstacles, and Strathmore, ridden by Llewellyn's wife, Christine, herself an international rider, who, with Pat Smythe, Mary and Dorothy Whitehead, Marie Delfosse, Pat Rose and Laura Dudley, has represented Britain abroad.

Filling his box with the gleam of immense rippling sides and flanks, Foxhunter paws happily on the approach of his master: the horse of the generation is lugubriously sentimental, loving to be petted and groomed and have his ears tickled for hours on end.

The only time he has ever fallen was at a bank in Geneva, when he slipped taking off, landed on the face of the bank, catapulted Llewellyn out of the saddle, and tumbled after him. They wound up with Foxhunter straddling the man who should have been on his back. "All I said was 'steady old man' and he never moved," Llewellyn recalls. In a similar situation every other horse of his experience would have bolted.

Llewellyn has unorthodox views about what to do when falling. "Never hold on to the reins, although the owner of the horse may expect you to," he says. "So many people have been hurt by being dragged into the horse's hoofs when they could have easily let go."

Llewellyn knows that to his cost. He was thrown at a small fence hunting with the Monmouthshire hounds, but held on to the reins as he had been taught, and was kicked in the back of the neck. When he came to a couple of hours later something like a battering ram seemed to be trying to break through his skull. Meanwhile the hounds had been sent home; the Master thought he was dead. THE END

MY LIFE OF FIDDLING AND FOOLING

Continued from page 9

figure appeared in the doorway, and before he could ask "What are you kids up to?" I shouted—with considerable presence of mind—"I've just dropped my mother's half-crown down your grating, Mr. Barker."

Bill fished in his pocket. "Well, here's your half-crown," he said, "and for goodness sake be off. I'll get it myself." His back was hardly turned before Leslie and I had whipped our "lifter" through the grating and collected the original coin long before Bill could have reached his cellar. Maybe that little story doesn't illustrate the highest of principles—but at least it shows that Liverpool taught its children to be enterprising.

But—there was a dairy on another corner of our street with a big barrel of molasses in the corner of the yard. We'd seen this when we'd been going for the milk, and I thought—"Well!" So one day we crept into Burton's Yard, and I lined up a couple of the kids to give me a leg up. However, when I got to the top I realized that the treacle wasn't as high as I thought it was. It was well down, because it was being used to feed cattle. Suddenly, I felt myself going right over, head first into this barrel of molasses. You can imagine the state I was in.

Old Burton took me across to my mother. She said, "You wait until your father gets home from sea, you won't half get a hiding for this." My jersey was sticky — I was sticky all over. By the time my father came home from sea I had talked my mother round. I always could. But my half-crown went on cleaning.

In True Scout Spirit

Although I never got to camp, I had my day of glory. The Wolf Cub movement was just starting, and there were only three of us attached to our troop of Scouts. The big boys were going on a march, and the Scoutmaster said, "D'you think you can manage this?" We said yes, and marched with the Scouts. They had a trek cart, and on the way back it was getting dusk and they asked if we would like to get in the cart. The other two Cubs got in. But I refused. I marched every step of the way—ten miles. I didn't want any rocking to sleep that night.

The following week there was a Scouts' meeting, and you can imagine my amazement when I heard the Scoutmaster make the following announcement: "Well, Troop, I want to make a little presentation. We had a demonstration of determination last week on our route march that should be an example to us all. One of our very youngest members marched for ten miles and refused to be carted home. I think this shows a true Scout spirit, and on behalf of the entire troop I want to present him with a silver compass. Wolf Cub Charlie Olden, would you mind stepping up?"

I went to Sunday School, too. Our teacher was a worthy and most agreeable fellow, named Doyle. He regarded me as the blue-eyed boy of the class: for what reason, I cannot imagine, for I was very far from being angelic.

"Now, Charlie," he would say to me, "I want you to read a passage from Scripture, and show the rest of the boys how it should be done." This I would proceed to do with great unction and sometimes, I fear, with tongue in cheek. One passage, I recall, went: "It is not meet to take the children's bread." I put such emphasis on the "meet" that the rest of the class dissolved in laughter. So early does the pun, the play on words—the paragon of wit in 1952—strike the youthful mind. Humour doesn't change so much with the years, after all. Mr. Doyle, furious, turned on them and demanded, "Why cannot you behave yourselves when Charlie is reading these words so beautifully?"

The Sunday School almost backed on to my house, and from one roof to another it would be about eight feet. I had seen those fellows on the pictures jumping across gaps like that, and I thought I could do it, too. So to a very appreciative audience of the other kids I climbed up the drain-pipe on to the roof and jumped. The first thing to hit the other roof was my chin. I fell back, grabbed the gutter and it came away in my hands, as I fell twenty feet.

What Would Mother Say?

My chin was all bleeding, and the other kids all beat it. They didn't want to be concerned. My chief trouble was: how could I possibly explain this injury? So I went round the back of the house, climbed up a drain-pipe to the bathroom window, very quietly, and washed my face. By this time I had a beautiful pigeon's egg underneath my chin, and my hands were cut. Then I slowly crept downstairs, out of the house, and came back and knocked on the door.

When my mother came to the door she said, "Good heavens, what's the matter?" I said tearfully, "Mother, I was playing with a skipping-rope with some of the boys and I fell down. Look what's happened." She said, "You poor boy," and made such a fuss of me that I felt a real coward and a cheat, but I got away with it.

Ended In Tragedy

We used to go swimming in the docks. This was strictly forbidden, but we carried on doing it, until one day I was swimming in the murky water of Gladstone Dock when a friend of mine called Freddie Williams dived in beside me. I expected him to come up behind and play a trick on me, because he could swim like a fish. But he didn't come up, and finally they found him, poor kid, at the other end.

I had to go to the inquest, scared of getting into trouble for swimming in the dock. But I did not need the coroner's warning not to go swimming there again. There didn't seem much fun in it any more.

I had won a free place at the Liverpool Collegiate School, and got into more trouble there. There was one kid who was very nervous, and he had to go to the headmaster to be caned. During woodwork class I told him to put a piece of tin down his bags to deaden the pain. He actually believed me, and when the kid went up for the cane everybody thought the bell had gone. The headmaster started to whack him and there was a terrific clanging noise from the nether regions. I got six, too, for the idea—without the tin.

During one of Dad's spells ashore I took a decision that was to have its effect on my boyhood and youth and was to exercise a profound influence on my life as a "pro." I decided to learn the violin.

The idea must have been at the back of my mind for quite a while, but it crystallized one evening after I came home from school. I was playing cricket in the street and I could hear the sound of a jaunty little tune. I can still see Dad's bright eyes as they smiled at me, and his nimble fingers as they plucked the strings to finish with a flourish.

Dad's violin had a vital part in the economics of our family. Almost the first thing he would do when he came home from a voyage was to look in the cupboard for it. It was never there. Then, without a word, he would put on his cap and go to the pawnshop. That was where it spent Dad's voyages. We needed the money at home.

Anyway, I suddenly left this game and went in. I opened the door quietly, sat down, and watched and listened to him playing. I looked at him and I said, "Dad, could I learn the violin?" Putting down the fiddle and the bow he said, "D'you mean it? I wish you would. But if I have you taught the violin, will you keep it up? It's not just an idea—is it—a fad?" I said, "No." He said, "Look, son, if you learn to play the violin, you'll always have a living, even if you have to play in the streets."

He took me to a little woman named Miss Sharrock. We used to sit in a room — about twenty or thirty kids. It cost us 1s. 6d. a week, which was the instalment to pay towards the violin, bow and case. She threw the lesson in as well. I suppose she just loved children and loved music.

You never heard such a noise in all your life as when those twenty or thirty fiddles started scraping. Of course, I was always unique, even in those days. My bow was always going up when the others were coming down. The room was packed. You had to watch where you were, otherwise you might get a violin bow in the earhole.

The Great News

I was often in trouble at school, and one November day when I was thirteen I'd been caught talking or flicking ink pellets or something. I had to stand outside in the corridor to await being taken to the headmaster to be caned. While I was waiting, a prefect came along and said: "Have you heard?" I said, "What?" And he said: "The war's over." It was 1918, of course.

I was so excited I opened the door of the classroom and said, "Oh, sir." The master said, "Get out." I was longing to tell him the war was over, but did not want to get punished. So after about three minutes I opened the door and said, "Please, sir, I've got some. . . ." and he said, "Get out."

I could stand it no longer. I opened the door for the third time and said, "Please, sir, the war's over." He said, "In that case you'd better come in." I broke the news to the class, the whole school was given a holiday and we all ran around the playground outside and shouted our heads off.

And then, rather suddenly, I grew up. The transformation took place thirty years ago, almost to the day. I stopped being a schoolboy and found myself one of Liverpool's wage-earners—office-boy in the firm of R. Silcock and Company, cattle food manufacturers. The wage was 12s. 6d. a week

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JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

DEATH DANCED IN BAGHDAD

Continued from page 14

the profane heels of the dancer who had His Excellency's attention.

Chafik knew more about Selima than he cared to remember. Her path to fame and notoriety was strewn with men exploited by her ambition and avarice. The capital cities of the Middle East acclaimed her queen of entertainers, and she toured constantly, jealous of her place in the limelight.

"Magnificent but ruthless," he said. "This woman has never known pity and must expect none. Observe the shadow, her Nemesis."

The inspector pointed with his chin at a small, dark girl who wove the pattern of her dance with that of Selima's. She had a childish face and a slim body and she copied every movement and mannerism of the star.

"Name, Gutne," Chafik quoted from the filing system in his brain. "A child of the desert. Age, sixteen. Her story is in her eyes. She hates and envies Selima and one day will dethrone her. But she is a novice; His Excellency will not look at her."

The sergeant made no answer, and the inspector looked for the source of distraction. A third woman was in the shadows, posed against a lush background of flower-beds and gently stirring palms.

"Your taste improves," Chafik told Abdullah. "Ayeb, age eighteen and a half. A true artist. How pastoral is her dance! She expresses poetry, not passion. I respect her—what she earns she lavishes on a small daughter—but she looks haggard tonight. I wonder why?" He added: "Note how she avoids the rooster's eye. She does not seek to win the embraces of our wealthy guest." And then he said hopefully: "Perhaps she will win the accolade of the impresario Farak, who is here from Damascus to seek talent. If the man is wise, he will recognize Ayeb's gift——"

He broke off as he saw a man approaching the table, a man dressed in black, who had the feline walk of an executioner.

"How fortunate we are in the open air!" Chafik said.

"Sir?" said Abdullah.

"We are about to suffer an odoriferous presence—Mr. Taquibadi, the informer."

And he looked, as across an abyss, at the man, who smiled and bowed ingratiatingly. "Whom do you sell me tonight, Taquibadi?" he asked sadly.

Taquibadi did not look directly at Chafik, but rather all around the little man. His dry lips worked nervously.

"You love your jest, Inspector," he said. "But how well you know you need what I have to sell!"

"Pilate;" Chafik said, "soiled his hands with Judas. I am contaminated by the necessity of you. There are pickings in the dregs where you swim. . . . What have you?"

"They say down in the dregs that an attempt will be made on His Excellency's life."

Chafik lighted a cigarette with a calm he did not feel. Suddenly his lean face hardened and he rasped at the informer: "You Father of Vultures! Show me your carrion, or. . . ."

"I have seen a face," Taquibadi said hastily.

"A face?"

"I remember it from Tehran, when they killed Razmara. I saw it again in Jerusalem when King Abdullah was assassinated. I saw it in Cairo, when——"

"If you had not been sired by a

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hyena, I would suspect you! This face you associate with assassination—you have seen it here? The man is in Baghdad?"

Taquibadi moistened his ever-dry lips. "Did I say a man?" he asked, and his shoulders shook with silent laughter.

"Have a care," Chafik said, "or you may hear the laughter of whips. Tell me whom you suspect."

The informer hesitated, looked furtively around, and then said: "I am not yet sure the face I saw was the same face. I must look at it again. Tomorrow I will be certain. Yes, tomorrow. You will pay me? How much is it worth?"

"Thirty pieces of silver," Chafik answered in disgust. "Take yourself away! My stomach revolts! But come tomorrow, or. . . ."

He followed the man with his eyes and saw him leave the cabaret.

"Call headquarters," the inspector told Abdullah. "Tell them to follow Taquibadi and note whom he meets, or seems to watch. Possibly he lies. He has brought many worthless tales, but. . . ."

He plucked a flower from a bush, inhaled the perfume, then threw it down.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "what a disgusting profession I follow!"

For relief, he looked at the dancing girls and heeded the satyr call of the drums, which now drowned the music of rubebes and oboes.

The dance had reached its climax. Selima imperiously motioned the other entertainers to the background. Ayeb faded into the shadows, but Gutne stood, her eyes flaming with rebellion and hatred, and blocked the path of the star.

Selima's fierce undertone reached Chafik: "If you were a woman I would put my seal on your face. But you are a child, and later I will thrash you. Out of the way—suckling—"

She struck Gutne across the mouth and then glided out on to the floor and halted before His Excellency. To the roar of the drums she arched her magnificent body and bent slowly back, ever back, until her loosened hair touched the floor. Her hands were castanets, and her tapering thighs gleamed ivory where the gown opened. Lips parted, eyes veiled by lashes, Selima seemed to recline on a divan of shadows.

His Excellency got up from his chair and went to her. Chafik saw him pin a generous handful of dinar bills to the gown of the dancer. The paper money fluttered like leaves in the river breeze.

Gutne, the Bedouin, ran from the floor. Her childish face was heavy with paint and streaked with tears.

CHAFIK raised amused eyes to the lovely and haggard face of Ayeb, who followed.

"Are you afraid the impresario who seeks talent might pass you for Selima or Gutne?"

Ayeb shook her head. "I do not seek Farak's interest. Perhaps he finds nothing in any of us. I have not seen him tonight. Ah, I was wrong! There he is, near the gate. He must have arrived late."

They both glanced at the thin, stooped man who was famous in the Middle East for his theatrical ventures. He was fitting a cigarette into a long holder. Farak's face was ascetic for a caterer of flesh, and he wore boredom like a cloak.

Chafik turned back to Ayeb. She was saying, with anguish in her voice, "Will he never go, this skinny one who keeps us from our homes? My little daughter is ill—a wasting malady. I should be with her."

"I understand your anxiety. I have a son."

"I would do anything to make my daughter well," the woman said passionately. Her expression was more than anxious. She reminded Chafik of a tigress. "Perhaps I will listen to Gutne. She wants to get me a healing spell from a hakim——"

"And who is this Father of Wizards?"

"She keeps him secret so none of us can buy his potions for ourselves. Poor child!" Ayeb added sympathetically. "She put a curse on Selima tonight—drops of distilled nonsense in her coffee. Alas for Gutne! Selima will surely beat her."

"Nevertheless, one day this child will ruin Selima," Chafik announced. "The ambition of a termite can destroy a palace." He shrugged and said, "But it won't happen yet. Tomorrow—oh, merciful God!—His Excellency leaves us. What will you dance at the gala performance he has commanded?"

"We re-create the Court of Scheherazade."

"Ah! A Thousand and One Nights—so appropriate to Baghdad! Who will be the Queen of Love?"

"Selima. Gutne and I will be her slaves."

SUDDENLY, the lights in the cabaret blazed and the band began to play His Excellency's anthem. Chafik stood to attention, and then, with a smile for Ayeb and a word of comfort about her daughter, he went to the gate to supervise the guest's departure.

He was assailed by noise. The police were struggling with a man who wore the lacy caftan of a Bedouin. His headdress lay in the dust, trampled, and his pomaded ringlets hung bedraggled about his lean and savage face. The young man and the police shouted as they fought.

Chafik made order out of chaos, then stood on tiptoe to match the prisoner's stature. He asked, "Who is this man?"

They told him, "Kassem."

"Kassem," Chafik repeated, and the filing cabinet of his brain turned up an index card. "There is a Kassem," he said, "of the tribe of Al Na'sani, and there is a woman—a child—of that tribe named Gutne——"

The young man shouted, "Gutne, Gutne! Oh, Flower of the Cotton—they promised you would be my bride!"

Chafik sighed and shook his head. "So another young life is warped. Like Selima, the little Gutne, too, would sell her soul for fame." He shrugged and told the police to take Kassem away. "Release him in the city," the inspector said. "His only transgression is that he loves foolishly."

He turned to find Sergeant Abdullah at his side.

"Sir, there was a call from headquarters. They found Taquibadi."

"Found him? I told them to follow him. I——"

"Sir——"

"Oh, man of ill omen! Croak your say!"

"Sir," Abdullah said again. "They found Taquibadi. He lies in the Street of the Peaceful Garden, not far from here. There are four bullets in him."

The next morning, Inspector Chafik sat with Sergeant Abdullah in his office overlooking Rashid Street. He had rarely been so tired and strained and less master of himself.

There had been no witnesses to the murder of Taquibadi. The killer had stepped from the crowds gathered near the cabaret, used the gun, and returned to anonymity.

"So," Chafik said, "our precautions

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were used as cover. This is a thinking killer." He nodded. "It would appear Taquibadi was very dangerous to somebody. . . ."

He swung round to face the sergeant. "Abdullah, there is direction behind the nationalism which has taken so many in our Moslem world. They have made many tries on His Excellency. This scrawny creature does not decorate life, but the world of today is not beautiful, and the assassination of a tyrant would make it hideous with conflagration." The inspector paused. "We have sifted Baghdad with a fine sieve. We have jammed our jails with the residue. Yet there still remains the face Taquibadi saw."

"This man must have the face of a devil," Abdullah said.

"There are female devils. When I asked Taquibadi, 'Is this man here?' —meaning in the cabaret—he answered, 'Did I say a man?'"

The inspector blew on his cigarette to make it burn evenly. "Perhaps it was said in jest," he went on. "We have no clue. The informer kept no records, and all he knew drained through the holes in his head. But we must now assume an attack will be made, and the question is: By whom? It requires someone who can get close to His Excellency." He repeated softly, "Someone very close."

"Someone doomed," Abdullah said. "No man could get near enough to kill him."

"Yes. Even a madman would know that the bullets of the bodyguard would be his punishment. However, let us continue reasoning. Who for a time could be alone with our honoured guest, and unwatched by us on that occasion?"

Abdullah said, "Sir, there is only one such possibility." He flushed and added delicately, "I refer to His Excellency's predilection——"

"Oh, most bashful of sergeants! You mean his women!"

The inspector's animation was brief. "So again we come to Taquibadi's evasion, which suggested a woman. But which woman?" he asked with distress. "There are three who might win the Emaciated One's favour, and none, surely, would sacrifice her white neck to the noose. The foolish child, Gutne, could she be so foolish? And Ayeb, who loves her daughter so fiercely? Or Selima? She travels a lot. Of the three women, she is the only one who has performed in all the cities of the Middle East."

He propped the lids of his eyes with his fingers. His brain was fogged by questions and his sleepless body exhausted.

"We get nowhere," he announced. "There is no proof of anything. Except——"

"Sir?" Abdullah said.

"Taquibadi's killer walks in Baghdad. A patient person, whose arrangements are complete. Tonight is the last night His Excellency will be with us. The blow will be struck, then or never."

The inspector spent the rest of the day sifting the reports of police spies for a clue to Taquibadi's killer. He was about to return home for his evening meal when Abdullah brought the news that Kassem had been arrested again.

"He assaulted Farak, the impresario, in the street," the sergeant explained. "He is at the Alwiyah police station. I have the car waiting."

Abdullah drove the inspector to the police station. The Bedouin was brought in handcuffed. He had torn his clothes and lacerated his face, and his speech was rambling.

Chafik put a lighted cigarette between Kassem's lips and made him sit on a bench against the wall. "Now tell me why you assaulted Farak," he said in a friendly voice.

"The man would have taken her away."

"Illusion! Your Gutne is a child without experience in the theatre. Farak would not waste his time on her."

The Bedouin raised his joined fists and shook them in helpless rage. "I saw my love today. She told me—tonight she wins the Emaciated One!"

"You mean our honoured guest?"

"May dogs devour his entrails!"

Detached, without heat, the inspector took the manacled man by the ears and hammered his head against the wall. "Come to your senses," he said. "What did Gutne tell you?"

"She said she would prove to Farak she could win the favour of one like His Excellency. The Damascene promised that, if she did, he would make her a great dancer, greater than Selima."

"Selima would destroy her first," Chafik said.

Kassem slipped sideways and lay weeping. The inspector went to the washbowl in the corner of the room and washed his hands; under the tap his fingers were the legs of a spider, spinning. He saw his eyes in the mirror when he combed his sleek hair, and their fire matched the stone of the signet ring on his left hand.

Behind him, Abdullah asked, "Shall I beat this man?"

Chafik turned in surprise; he had forgotten the Bedouin. "His stupidity is no greater than mine. You should beat me. It was all there. Motive, method, the face that Taquibadi saw —all there."

He looked at his watch. "Time to go," he said. "It would be discourteous to keep Death waiting."

THEY had made over the cabaret to resemble the court of the caliph in the days of Baghdad's glory. His Excellency sat enthroned, his feet on a rich carpet, his eyes hidden behind dark glasses. Attendants in period costume moved about their duties.

Inspector Chafik threaded his way among the guests and paused at the table of the Damascene impresario to apologize.

"We pride ourselves on the orderliness of our streets," he said.

Farak dismissed the incident and the

"Mummy, Daddy's drinking my Cydrax!"

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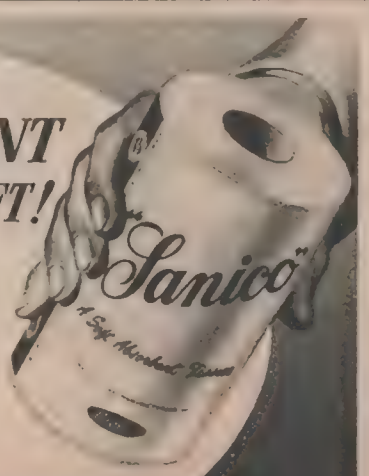

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apology with a shrug. "A foolish young man in love," he said. "Quite unimportant."

"We of the police consider all things important."

Chafik went to the pavilion which had been set up for the dancers. Heralds stood at the entrance with trumpets raised. Inside, Selima was making adjustments to the net of seed pearls that covered her hair. She was magnificent in a costume of gold, her ankles and arms laden with jewelled bangles. The heels of her bare feet were hennaed.

The procession had formed. Ayeb and Gutne, who wore the diaphanous garments of slave girls, were to precede the star with offerings for the distinguished guest. Ayeb had a tray piled with dainties made from an ancient recipe, and Gutne carried a goblet filled with a cool sherbet of diluted fruit juices sweetened with honey. The refreshments had been prepared under the supervision of the police.

Ayeb was tired, her face pale, and as she passed Chafik he saw her lips move as if in prayer. Poor young mother, he thought.

Selima gave a signal, and the brass tongues of the heralds' trumpets shouted through the garden. To the clash of cymbals, the twang of lyres, the sound of flutes, the performers started from the pavilion.

GUTNE was already swaying her shapely hips in the first movement when the voice of Inspector Chafik, more challenging than the trumpets, made confusion.

He sprang forward and caught the Bedouin girl by the wrist; he took away the sherbet cup, passed it to Abdullah, then savagely twisted Gutne's arm.

"She-devil!" he shouted. "Drop it!" He caught her closed left hand. She sank her teeth into his wrist, but he jerked free and bent back her little finger until she screamed with pain. The fist opened. A glass vial fell to the floor.

"I saw you empty it in the cup!" Chafik shouted. "Little fool! What was it? Another potion like the one you told me she put in Selima's coffee? Or was it like the one you promised to buy Ayeb for her sick daughter!"

Gutne whispered, "Only a charm, a harmless charm to win His Excellency! Only that—a hakim's philtre."

The inspector raised his arm, then dropped it. Calmer now, he turned to one of his men. "Go, bring a dog. A thirsty dog." To the Bedouin girl he said, quite gently: "Child, your mind is filled with superstitions and cabala and further distorted with envy of Selima. Did you truly believe a sorcerer's mumbo jumbo would make you a great dancer?"

"He said it—the hakim promised—I was to sip the cup, then offer it. The spell would blind the Emaciated One to all but me! Then by the grace of his favour——"

"So!" Chafik said.

A constable came in, dragging a yellow hound. Chafik took the sherbet cup, poured its contents into a dish, and put the dish on the floor. The dog retreated, snarling, but presently thirst made it lap.

A minute passed, then two. Suddenly the pariah raised its ugly head, looked at the inspector with reproachful eyes, coughed, rolled over, and died.

"In this way," the inspector said, "you and His Excellency would have died, Gutne, and with you would have gone the only clue."

He shook the girl to stop her screams. "Who is the hakim?"

She cried hysterically, "I never met him! I—I—it is the Damascene who knows him! He bought me the philtre! He said if I won the Emaciated One from Selima——"

Chafik stood looking at her. "Only a child," he said softly. "Yet what a deadly weapon in the right hand!"

And then he said, "Later I will have you remanded to the care of a heart-sick lover, one named Kassem. He will take you to his tents and beat you and make you into a good bride. But first. . . ."

Chafik reached under his coat to the snug shoulder holster. "I have an appointment with a face," he announced. "The face that Taquibadi saw."

Confusion had spread to the cabaret. The silent trumpets, and the failure of the dancers to appear, displeased His Excellency and disturbed the other guests. It was also a warning.

The inspector saw the stoop-shouldered man leaving by the main gate, and restrained a shout because confusion might become turmoil. So, unalerted, the police let Farak pass.

Chafik followed swiftly. In the street, the man turned and saw him, then ran, menacing the crowd with a gun.

If I fire, Chafik thought, I might claim victims among these sheep. The English, in their own land, are wise. They do not permit armed police.

A bullet sang in his ear. He heard, above the shouting, the sound of Farak's gun. Crouching, turning the target of his body sideways, he zigzagged in pursuit.

The sleeve of his jacket ripped from cuff to elbow. Something hot and hissing creased his left hip. He cried out, and his hand went up; then he saw people running and ducking, and disciplined his trigger finger. "No," he said. "I must not shoot!"

There came a thickening of the crowd, a wedged herd of frightened bodies. Farak dodged the impasse and went out into the street. He did not see the car, a police jeep, which was moving fast with a startled man at the wheel. The headlights glared. Steel met flesh with a soft tearing noise, and above the scream of the brakes echoed the scream of Farak.

Chafik put his gun away, smoothed his clothes, and found a cigarette. He stood over the twitching body and thought: How devilishly clever! And who would have suspected this famous impresario? Cairo, Damascus, Tehran—he could go openly anywhere.

The dying man gave a final kick.

"Somewhere," the inspector said as he turned away, "Taquibadi laughs. I, of all people, have avenged him."

WHEN he returned to the cabaret, he found the lights dimmed. His Excellency gone.

Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Has the creature, then, departed so early with Selima?"

Abdullah answered, "That temperamental woman exhibited hysterics. I had her removed."

"Then possibly Ayeb transgresses for the worthy cause of a sick daughter?"

"She had a message, sir. The child passed the crisis, and [illegible] has gone to her. His Excellency——"

"He has no companion tonight?"

"None, sir. He is very displeased."

"Displeased!" Inspector Chafik hugged himself and laughed. "Sweet word!" he said. "Tomorrow I shall be reprimanded because our country's honoured guest slept badly—but, oh, how just and understanding and merciful is God!"

THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Keep alert

TRUTH is rarely obvious. It can usually only be arrived at by reconciling and combining opposing views. That's why a good-tempered argument is the finest mental exercise we can have.

The great virtue of discussion is that it keeps your mind alert. It's the great safeguard against "the deep slumber of a decided opinion"—which can be as dangerous as a sentry going to sleep at his post.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Wouldn't it be easier for you, old man, if my tools were out of your way?"

A GIRL WITH A GUN

Continued from page 11

Janet. "And I'm not caring," she added.

"Wouldn't Duncan Mactavish have been at Drumfechan?"

Janet laughed and shook her head. "He was over on the motor bike last night," she said absently.

"Well, I must hurry," said Sheila. "Your father and I are going to look for that royal." She walked on to the motor house.

Janet paused for a moment. She felt vaguely uneasy. Why had Duncan asked three times last night if she was sure they would all be going to Drumfechan? She never knew what he was up to. But then Duncan might only have asked casually. She shrugged and took the eggs on to the house.

Sheila and Lachlan drove off in the jeep. They climbed out of the valley, past Scots pine and spruce, between birch and bracken. Ahead to the south was the great bosom of the Mount. The breeze fanned their right cheeks. They talked for a while, until Lachlan cried suddenly: "Stop!"

She drew up. It was business. Far away something moved on the shoulder of the Mount. "That's the royal. He's making for the high corrie."

They waited till the stag was out of sight. Then they left the jeep and began to climb.

* * *

There were no other red deer in the corrie. It was a flat, green place, perhaps two hundred yards across, the only flatness on the Mount. At the westward end a precipice rose sheer to the summit.

The royal was alone in the high, sequestered place. It was not safe for him; it could be a death trap, commanded on three sides. But nowhere was safe, and the corrie had this about it—that the airs were turbulent and capricious, giving early warning. The stag's nostrils were his strongest armour against men.

But today the west wind blew steadily. It carried no warnings at high noon when a MacQuitty and his stalker climbed from the south, a McRummon and her stalker climbed from the north, and the royal browsed short grass in the middle of the corrie, watching downwind.

IAN and Duncan rested five minutes before crossing the March. It was a clear enough definition, a six-foot granite fault running along the side of the Mount. But halfway up a hill is no place for a boundary. Ian looked back to the south at the purple panoply of his hills and to the east where the ribbon of the hill road wound up and through the ravine to the other water-shed. On a November morning three centuries ago the McRummons had lain in wait at that ravine, had rolled rocks on to the hunting party of Clan MacQuitty, and then had slaughtered them to a man. Legend had it that a young MacQuitty broke his claymore in a plea for mercy.

Duncan licked his finger and held it up. "The wind's good," he said. "If it just holds steady, we might manage." They could not stalk upwind because that ground was open to the corrie. The crosswind stalk was their only chance.

"Come away, then," said Ian, using the speech of his boyhood. They climbed swiftly. The sun was hot on their backs. He and Duncan were tough, and well aware of it. They sweated, breathing deep. They stopped below the corrie and Duncan took the rifle from its cover.

Ian loaded, applied the safety catch and checked that the backsight leaf was down. He climbed again, crawled finally to a slit between rocks, pushed the barrel through, moved his head as slowly and stealthily as a hunting cat. The stag stood due north of him, broadside, in the centre of the corrie. It was alert, as always, but not suspicious. Ian raised the rifle.

SHEILA and Lachlan also rested, but not for long. It was cold in the northern shadows, which the sun touched only in early morning and late evening.

Lachlan licked his finger and held it up.

"The wind's good," he said. "If it just holds steady." They also had to do a crosswind stalk.

"Come away, then," she said. Soon afterwards, they stopped to take out the rifle. She loaded it and put on the safety catch.

"Take it easy now, Miss Sheila."

She felt the usual irritation at this remark, which was totally unnecessary, but said nothing. Lachlan had taught her all she knew about stalking. She tied a green cotton handkerchief on her bright head, wormed her way with infinite stealth to the corrie's edge and slid round a tussock. The stag stood due south of her, broadside, in the centre of the corrie. It was alert, as always, but not suspicious. Sheila raised the rifle.

A painful ailment and a strange coincidence caused Ian MacQuitty and Sheila McRummon—the one a poacher in the right, the other a trespasser within the law—to aim their rifles at the same moment at a target standing precisely between them. They each took the first pressure.

The shot was easier for Ian, because he had the sun behind him. He aligned the foresight bead on the exact spot behind the stag's right shoulder and held his breath preparatory to the slow squeeze of trigger.

It was then that the cool, true western wind puffed harder. It touched a loose tendril of Sheila's hair, making a tiny flicker, a glint of sunlit copper beyond the stag. Ian saw her just in time.

That same gust struck rocks, swirled, sped back on itself across the corrie. One moment clean air; the next a hateful stink of man. The stag leaped five feet back, stiff-legged, snorting with terror. It moved half a second before the trigger yielded under the squeeze of Sheila's forefinger. Echoes rang round the corrie and died in a long diminuendo of reverberation across the hills.

The bullet smacked grey rock not six inches from Ian MacQuitty's head and whined up to the heavens. Something hit him sharply on the back of his neck. After a shocked second, he realized that it could not be worse than a fragment of metal or a chip of stone. The bullet had ricocheted on. But he felt a trickle inside the open collar of his shirt.

He was shouting already as he rose to his feet. Sheila also stood up.

The stag was trapped—a precipice upwind, his enemies on either side. He weaved in doubt, and then did the only possible thing, contrary to instinct. He galloped with drumming hoofs and

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sweeping head downwind out of the corrie, splendid in flight, safe.

Ian advanced, white-hot with anger. The words he used were mostly unintelligible, almost all unprintable. Sheila came to meet him. They were both unarmed. Lachlan and Duncan brought up the rear with slung rifles.

Ian was running out of expletives. He stood face to face with Sheila. She also was pale; her bosom heaved stormily. He felt a surging rage of hatred, the centuries fighting to be let out.

"Do you realize—D'ye ken—— Bloody murrderess!" Fine English accent gone; almost speechless in his native tongue.

"Dirrty poacher!" she cried. "It's your blame! Serves you right if I'd——"

"It's poaching you were," said Lachlan McRummon judiciously. "A verra serious crime in the eyes of the law. A prison offence. Punishable with——" He was a litigious character, a disputatious lover of the law for the law's sake. For some reason, his comment infuriated both parties. They turned on him.

"Shut up, you old windbag! Mind your own damned business!"

"Hold your tongue, Lachlan!" This from Sheila.

"Ay, hud yer whissht," said Duncan. He alone felt a great need to laugh, but he restrained himself.

"Just go away," said Sheila, waving her hand.

LACHLAN MCRUMMON went away. He was a much-shaken man; no one had ever dared to speak to him like that. "Well, I never did," he muttered. "Well, I never did." Duncan went with him.

"You take our land," said Ian more quietly. "You shoot me! You put up deer fences!" He turned to gesture where the fence would run.

"Shoot you?"... It was then that Sheila saw the blood pouring down his neck. "Are ye wounded, Ian?" Anger fell from her. He was hateful, but she did not wish his death.

"It's nothing much," he said. "Only a splinter."

"Have you a clean handkerchief?" He shook his head.

Sheila whipped the green cloth from her hair. "Let me see," she said. He bent a little. "That's a nasty cut. It'll need a stitch. I'll just tie it up for now." She did so, which brought them into close proximity. They were unstrung.

"Sheila!"

"Och, Ian!" The one passion and the other.

Duncan and Lachlan sat behind rocks.

"Ian's a great boy when his dander's up," said Duncan admiringly. "I mind once. We were just laddies at the time——"

"Miss Sheila now——" said Lachlan, not to be outdone. "Miss Sheila has a grand, fierce temper."

There was silence behind them in the high green corrie. Duncan looked round the rock. He gasped. Duncan did not gasp easily. "Just take a look at yon."

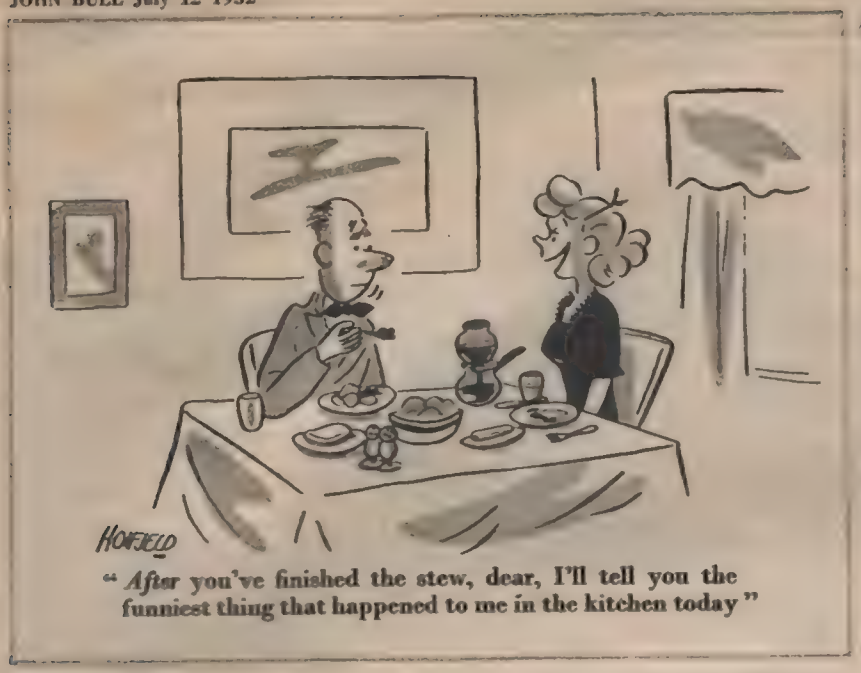
Lachlan took a look. "Well, my goodness gracious," he said. He had been abused by his chieftain's daughter, by a MacQuitty, even by the young upstart who courted Janet. Then this happened. Lachlan's world tumbled round his ears. "My goodness gracious," he said again weakly, sitting down.

Duncan was a psychologist. Seeing the old beezer temporarily humbled, he cleared his throat. "Mr. McRummon," he began with respectful firmness, "Janet and me's been going steady these five years since the war. We'd like fine to get married."

Down to the north, McRummon of McRummon groaned intermittently in the gun room. Grave doubts assailed him. He could not possibly afford to build that fence, and now it had become a point of honour.

But McRummon need not have worried. The matter of the fence was settling itself. The rivers of turbulence had found the sea. The feud was over.

THE END



"*After* you've finished the stew, dear, I'll tell you the funniest thing that happened to me in the kitchen today"

CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM

Continued from page 19

figure. I saw the trucks blossom into flame, the spurt of the gun as it was emptied at the dog, the look of tired resignation on Garry Keogh's face. . . .

The man hesitated, glancing round at his companions and then, with sudden truculence born of the herd, he mouthed that one word again.

I dug my heels into my horse's ribs and drove straight at him. I saw him fall back, momentarily knocked off balance, and as the horse reared, I flung myself from the saddle, grappling for his throat as my arms closed round him. We hit the dirt of the street and I felt his breath hot on my face as it was forced out of his lungs with a grunt. Then hands reached for me, clutching at my arms, twisting me back and pinning me down against the gravel. Fingers gripped my hair and as my skull was pounded against the hard earth, I saw half a dozen faces, panting and sweaty, bending over me.

And then there was a sharp crack of an explosion and something whined out of the dust. The faces fell back and as I sat up, I saw Jean sitting close alongside my horse, the Luger that had been in my saddle-bag smoking in her hand. And her face was calm and set. She held the ugly weapon as though it were a part of her, as though shooting were as natural as walking or riding. The men saw it, too, and they huddled together uncertainly, their faces unnaturally pale, their eyes looking all ways for a place to run.

"Are you all right, Bruce?"

"Yes," I said, struggling to my feet.

"Then get on your horse."

She levelled her gun at the bunch standing there in the street. "Now get back to Trevedian. And tell him next time he tries to shoot my dog I'll kill him."

She slipped the automatic back into my saddle-bag and in silence we turned and rode down the street and out of Come Lucky. For a long time I couldn't bring myself to speak. Only when we had reached a clearing above the ford and had dismounted did I manage to thank her. It wasn't pride or anything like that. It was just that I'd caught a glimpse of the other side of Jean, the side she had tried to forget.

She looked at me and then said with a wry smile: "Maybe I should thank you—for rushing in like a school kid just because of a word."

The way she put it hurt, particularly as I was confused as to my motives, but there was a softness in her eyes and I let it go.

"How did you know the gun was in my saddle-bag?"

"I felt it there when we stopped on the way down. It was partly why I came. I was scared you might——" She hesitated and then turned away.

"Did you really know what you were up against, fighting a big company, Bruce?"

"Yes, I knew," I said, sinking down into the warmth of the grass.

"Then why did you go on?"

"Why did you come back to Come Lucky—to the Kingdom?"

She came and sat beside me, chewing on a blade of grass. There was a long silence and then she said: "Isn't it about time we had things out?"

"Why you were running away and then suddenly turned and faced life—why I refused to give up a hopeless project? Maybe." But I knew I couldn't tell her the truth. I knew I had to quench this growing intimacy. And yet I said, almost involuntarily: "Why did you leave me that gun?"

"I thought you might need it." Then, seeing me about to speak: "Just leave it at that, Bruce. The message is there, in the weapon itself. You know what that message is as well as I do. You know the truth about my father, why I had to come back and see Stuart. You know that, don't you?" I nodded. "Then leave it at that, please. Don't let's talk about it, ever again."

I said slowly: "I guessed that Paul Morton was your father—the same Paul Morton who ruined my grandfather. I'm sorry, Jean."

"No, there's nothing to be sorry about." Her voice was very quiet, but quite firm—no tremor in it at all, no regrets. "He died as a man should die—fighting for something he believed in. He was half French, you know—and when it came to a pinch he found he loved France more than money, more than life itself."

She got up and walked away then. And I lay back in the grass, closed my eyes and was instantly asleep.

It was cold when she woke me, and the valley was deep in shadow. We ate the few remaining biscuits and then, as night closed in, we hobbled the horses and cut across the road and along the slope of the hillside. We made a detour and entered Come Lucky from above. The two Miss Garrets welcomed us with a sort of breathless excitement. They had heard what had happened that morning, and to them our nocturnal arrival, the sense that they were hiding us from a gang of wicked men, was pure Victorian melodrama.

Shortly after our meal, Pauline arrived. Johnnie would meet me at 150-Mile House tomorrow evening or, if he couldn't make it, the following morning.

That night I slept in the Victorian grandeur of a feather bed. It was Sarah Garret's room. She had moved in with her sister for the night. Just as I was dropping off to sleep, I heard the door open. A figure came softly into the room and stood beside my bed, looking down at me.

It was Sarah Garret. I could just see the tiny outline of her head against

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JUST LIKE NATURALLY CURLY HAIR

the window. "Are you awake?" she asked. Her voice trembled slightly.

"Yes," I said.

She lit a candle. "I have something to show you," she said.

She crossed over to a big trunk in the corner. It was one of those great leather-covered things with a curved top. There was a jingle of keys and then she had it open and was lifting the lid. It was full of clothes, and the smell of lavender and mothballs was very strong. "Will you lift the tray out, please?"

I did as she asked. Underneath were more clothes.

At last the trunk was empty. With trembling fingers, she felt around the edges. There was a click and the bottom moved. She took the candle from me then. "Lift it out, please."

The false bottom of that trunk was of steel and quite heavy. And underneath were neat little tin boxes. She lifted the lid of one. It was filled with gold coin. There were several bars of gold wrapped in tissue paper, and another box contained gold dust. The last one she opened revealed several pieces of jewellery. "I have never shown anybody this," she said.

"Why have you shown me?" I asked.

She did not answer, but signalled me to replace the false bottom. She operated the hidden catch fixing it in position and then returned the clothes to the trunk. When the lid was finally down and locked, she pulled herself to her feet and stared at me for a moment. Then she gave me a beautiful little smile. "I had a—friend once," she said. "He was rather like you. A Scotsman. But he was already married." She got to her feet. "I must go now. I do not want my sister to know that I have done anything so naughty as visiting a man in his bedroom." Her eyes twinkled up at me. And then she touched my arm. "I am an old lady now. There has been very little in my life. I would like you to know that you do not have to worry about money. You have only to ask——"

"I couldn't possibly——" I began, but she silenced me.

"Don't be silly. It is no good to me and I would like to help." She hesitated and then smiled. "Stuart Campbell was the friend I spoke about. Now perhaps you understand. Good night."

I watched her as she went out and then I sat down on the bed, staring at the old leather trunk with a strong desire to cry.

I LEFT a few hours later. The house was silent and as I walked down through the shacks of Come Lucky, the sky was just beginning to pale over Solomon's Judgment. I walked along the lake-shore and waited for a truck coming down from Slide Camp. It took me as far as Hydraulic and from there I got a timber wagon down to 150-Mile House. Jean was to take my horse back up to the Kingdom and now that I was on my own I found a mood of depression creeping over me.

But when Johnnie Carstairs arrived everything was different. As soon as he knew the situation, he got on the phone to a whole list of farmers along the valley. But he soon discovered that though horses were easy to hire, it was difficult to get them complete with packing gear. The farms were widely dispersed and the better part of a week had passed before we had a total of twenty-six animals with gear coralled at a homestead a few miles west of Beaver Dam Lake.

On July 15 we moved them up to the entrance to Thunder Creek and the following morning, as arranged, we rendezvoused with the vehicle trucking in our containers. It took us over twenty-four hours to pack that first 500 gallons up to the Kingdom.

Two days later, the four of us brought a second 500 gallons up. The crew on the rig were past the 5,000 mark, making twelve feet an hour, and drilling through softish rock. We now had enough fuel to drill to nearly 6,000 feet at the present rate.

I remember Johnnie standing in front of the rig the day he took the pack animals down. "I'd sure like to stay on up here, Bruce," he said. He, too, had been caught up by the mood of excitement. Boy had arrived that morning and with him was a reporter from the *Calgary Tribune*.

Five thousand five hundred feet was the level at which they expected to reach the anticline, and hanging over me all the time was the knowledge that it wasn't oil we were going to strike there, but the sill of igneous rock that had stopped Campbell Number One. I couldn't tell anybody this. I just had to brace myself to combat the sense of defeat when it came. . . .

As we approached the end of July, we were drilling through quartzite and making slower progress than we had hoped. Time was against us. With each day's drilling, our fuel reserves were dwindling. And meanwhile the dam was moving steadily towards completion.

At the beginning of August we were approaching 5,500 and Garry was getting restive. So were his crew. They had been up in the Kingdom for almost two months.

Just after nine on the morning of August 5, they pulled pipe for what they all hoped might be the last time. The depth was 5,490 feet. They were all down on the rig, waiting. They waited there all morning, watching the grief stem inching down through the turntable. I stood there with them, feeling sick with apprehension. They pulled pipe again at two-fifteen. Another sixty-foot length of pipe was run on and down went the drill again, section by section. The depth was now 5,550 feet. Those not on shift drifted back to the ranch-house. We had some food and a tense silence brooded over the meal.

At length I could stand the suspense no longer. I drew Garry on one side. "Suppose we don't strike the anticline exactly where we expect to," I said. "What depth are you willing to drill to?"

"I don't know," he said. "The boys are getting restive."

"Will you give it a margin of two thousand feet?"

"Two thousand!" He stared at me as though I were crazy. "That's nearly a fortnight's drilling. It'd take us right up to the date of completion of the dam. Good God, man, you don't seem to realize that we've all had about as much as we can take. I've lost two trucks; neither the rig nor the boys are earning their keep. If we don't bring in a well——"

He stopped then for the door burst open and Clif Lindy, the driller on shift, came in. There was a wild look in his eyes.

"We're in new country," he said. "Rock as hard as granite and we've worn a bit out in an hour's drilling." He caught hold of Garry's arm. "For God's sake," he said, "let's get the hell out of here before we're all of us broke."

"How much have you made in the last hour?" Garry asked.

"Two feet. The boys want to know shall we stop drilling?"

Garry didn't say anything. He just stood there, looking at me, waiting to see what I was going to say.

"You're just throwing away good bits and wearing out your rig for nothing," Clif said excitedly.

"What do you say, Bruce?" Garry asked.

"It's the same formation that stopped Campbell's cable-tool rig. If you get through this——"

"At two feet an hour," Clif said with a laugh that trembled slightly. "We could be a month drilling through this." He turned to Garry. "The boys won't stand for it, not any more. Nor will I, Garry. I don't mind risking a couple of months for the chance of making big dough. But we know damn' well now that we're not going to bring in a——"

"How do you know?" I cut in.

He laughed. "You go and ask Boy. You ask him what he thinks about it. Only you won't find him, not around camp here. He's away into the mountains to brood over Campbell's folly—and his own. He thought when the country changed we'd be down to the anticline. He didn't expect to get into igneous country this deep." His fingers dug into my flesh as he gripped my arm. "If you want my opinion, Boy Bladen doesn't know enough about geophysics to plot a gopher hole. As for his pal, Winnick, the oil consultant, well, damn it, isn't it obvious? His office is right next door to Henry Fergus, whose dough is tied up in the dam. He's put it across you." He looked across at Garry and his tone was suddenly quieter as he said, "The boys want to haul out."

Garry didn't say anything for a moment. He stood there rasping his fingers along the line of his jaw. "I'll come down and have a look at what's going on. Coming, Bruce?"

I shook my head. I stood there, watching them disappear through the doorway, a mood of anger and bitterness struggling with the wretchedness of failure.

A HAND touched my arm and I turned to find Jean beside me. "I'm sorry, Bruce," she said.

"You heard?"

"No, Boy told me. I went down to see the horses and found him in there, saddling up. I came back to——" She hesitated and then finished on a note of tenderness—"to break it to you."

"Why the hell didn't Boy have the guts to come and tell me himself?" I exploded. "Instead of supporting me and trying to lick some enthusiasm into this miserable bunch of defeatists, he immediately concludes his survey is inaccurate and goes crawling off into the mountains like a wounded cur."

"That's a rotten thing to say." Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright with sudden anger.

"If you think so much of him," I said, "why don't you go with him to nurse his wounded pride?"

She opened her mouth to speak, and then slowly closed it. "I'll get you some coffee," she said quietly and went through into the kitchen.

I flung myself into the one armchair. Probably Stuart Campbell had flung himself into the self-same chair when he got the news that drilling was no longer possible on Campbell Number One. It wasn't Boy's fault any more than it was Garry's. They'd both of them taken a chance on the property. They couldn't be expected to go on when they'd lost all hope of bringing in a well. The anger and bitterness I had felt had subsided by the time Jean returned with the coffee.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I shouldn't have let fly like that."

She put the tray down and came and stood near me. Her hand reached out and touched my hair. Without thinking I took hold of it, grasping it tightly like a drowning man clutching at a straw. The next moment she was in my arms, holding my head down against her breast. The nearness of her comforted me. The promise of happiness whatever happened to the Kingdom filled me with a sudden feeling that life was good. I kissed her lips and her hair, holding her close, not caring any longer about anything but the fact that she was there in my arms. And then very gently I pulled myself clear of her and got to my feet. "I must go down to the rig," I said.

"I'll come with you."

"No. I'd rather go alone. I want to talk to them."

But when I got there, I knew by the expression on their faces that this wasn't the moment. They were sitting around in the hut and the rig was silent. They were angry and bitter as I had been, but with them it was the bitterness of defeat.

THE decision to quit was taken the following morning. And as though he'd been given a cue, Trevedian arrived while we were still sitting round the breakfast table. We all sat and stared at him, wondering what the hell he wanted. I saw Garry's big hand clench into a fist and Clif half rose to his feet. I think Trevedian sensed the violence of the hostility for he kept the door open behind him and he didn't come more than a step into the room. His black eyes took in the bitterness and the anger and then fastened on me. "I've brought a telegram for you, Wetheral. Thought it might be urgent."

I got slowly to my feet, wondering why he should have bothered to come all the way up with it. But as soon as I'd read it I knew why. It was from my lawyers. *Henry Fergus instituting proceedings against you in civil courts for fraudulently gaining possession mineral rights Campbell's Kingdom mortgaged to Roger Fergus. Essential you return Calgary soonest. Willing to act for you provided assured your financial position. Please advise us immediately. Grange and Letour.*

I looked up at Trevedian. "You know the contents, of course?"

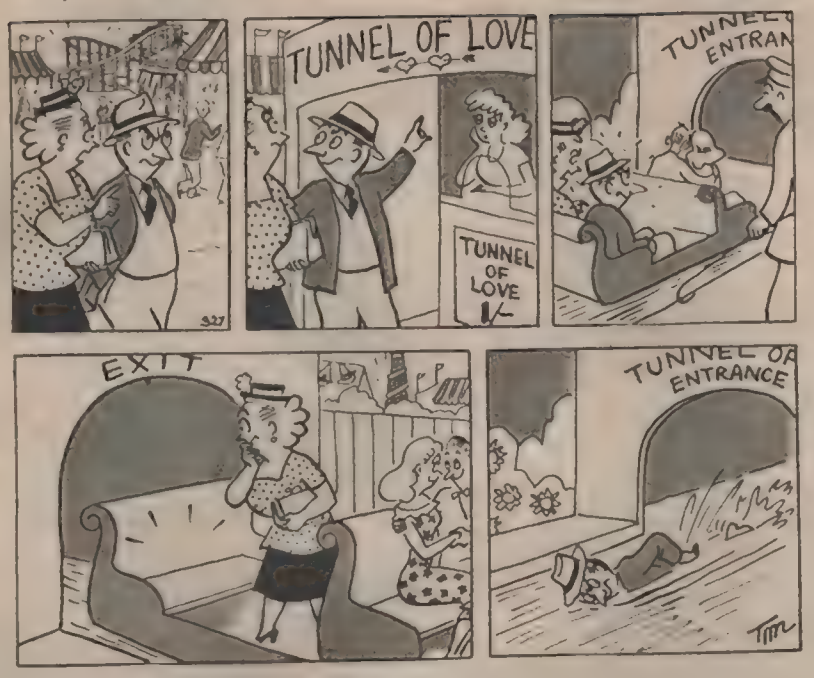
He hesitated, but there was no point in his denying it. "Yes," he said. "If you care to let me have your reply I'll see that it's sent off." There was a note of satisfaction in his voice, though he tried to conceal it. I wondered which of the boys kept him informed about what was happening on the rig. The timing was too good for it to be coincidence.

"What is it?" Jean asked.

I handed her the wire. It was passed from hand to hand. And as I watched them reading it, I knew that this was the end of any hope I might have had of getting them to drill deeper. With the mineral rights themselves in doubt, the ground was cut away from under my feet. And yet . . . I was thinking of Sarah Garret and what she had said there in my room that night.

"Fergus told me to give you a

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



message," Trevedian said. "Settle the whole business out of court, sell the Kingdom and he'll give you the 50,000 dollars he originally offered."

I didn't say anything. I was still thinking about Sarah Garret. Had she meant it? But I knew she had. She'd not only meant it, but she wanted to help. I went over to the desk and scribbled a reply. There was a tense silence when I turned round.

"Tell Fergus," I said, "that I'm going to seek an injunction to restrain him from flooding the Kingdom. And let him know that if he doesn't want to lose any more money, he'd better stop work on the dam until he knows what the courts decide. And you might have this wire sent off for me." I handed him the slip of paper.

He took it automatically. I think he was too astonished to speak. Then he glanced down at the message and read it. "You're crazy," he said. "You haven't the dough to start an action like this."

"I think I have."

"Well, whether you have or not is immaterial," he said harshly. "No Canadian court is going to grant you an injunction against the damming up of a useless bit of territory like this. You don't seem to realize what you're up against. This dam is going to open up a big mining industry, feed a whole new area with——"

"I know quite well what I'm up against," I said, suddenly losing control of myself. "I'm up against a bunch of crooks who don't stop at falsifying surveys, setting fire to fuel tankers, trespassing on other people's property, shooting and attempting to expropriate land that doesn't belong to them. It hadn't occurred to me to start legal proceedings. But if Fergus wants it that way, he can have it. Tell him I'm fighting him every inch of the ground. Tell him that what we've proved already by drilling, together with Winnick's evidence, will be enough to satisfy any Canadian court. And by the time he's got his dam finished I'll have brought in a well up here. Now get out."

Trevedian went. I think he was too bewildered to say another word.

FOR a moment we all stood there without moving. Then Garry came over and grasped my hand. "By God, I got to hand it to you," he said.

"Did you really mean you'd got a backer?" Clif asked.

"Yes." I looked across at Jean. "Would you make me up a parcel of food?"

She nodded slowly. "You're going to Calgary?"

"Yes." I turned back to Garry. "You're willing to go on drilling?"

He looked round at his crew. "And why not, eh, boys? We go on drilling till we have to swim for it? That right?" They were suddenly all grinning and shouting agreement. "We're right with you, Bruce." There was a gleam in his eyes and he added, "I'd sure like to get even with that bastard." And then the gleam died away. "There's one or two things though. We've only got fuel for four more days of drilling. We're getting short of food up here, too. There's a whole lot of things we need."

"I know," I said. "Make out a list of your requirements for another month. Get hold of Boy, tell him to hire the pack of animals Johnnie and I had before. He's to have them corralled at Wessels Farm the other side of Beaver Dam Lake in three days' time, that's August 8. I'll meet him there. Tell him to have all the supplies laid on ready. I'll wire the money at Keithley."

"I'll do that." His big hand gripped my shoulder. "You look like you weren't strong enough to hold your own against a puff of wind. But by God, you're tougher than I am." He turned towards the door. "C'm on, boys. We'll get that rig started up again." He waved his hand to me. "Good luck!" he said. "And just keep your fingers crossed in case this sill goes deep."

I waited till nightfall, then rode into Come Lucky.

Sarah Garret was as good as her word. I left Come Lucky with the two tin boxes, and on the morning of August 7, flying in from Edmonton, I reached Calgary.

I was met by *Calgary Tribune* placards announcing: LARSEN COMPANY'S DAM NEARING COMPLETION. There was a news story on the front page, and inside they had devoted a full feature article to it. There was no mention of our drilling operations in the article, only a brief paragraph in the news story. It gave me a sense of impotence at the outset. I felt as though I were batting my head against a brick wall.

It was in this mood that I reached the bank. In an English bank, the arrival of a man with a box of gold dust and another containing gold bars would have caused a sensation and necessitated the completion of innumerable forms and declarations. In Calgary, they just took it in their stride.

I arranged for the necessary funds to be mailed to Boy at Wessels Farm and then went on to my lawyers. There I learned that the case I had come to fight had been dropped. I asked Letour whether this was a result of my threat to seek an injunction restraining Fergus from flooding the Kingdom, but he shook his head. No application for an injunction had been made and he explained to me at some length the legal difficulties of making such an application. The Act authorizing the construction of the dam had been passed by the Provincial Parliament of British Columbia. It could only be repealed by a further Act. This would be a lengthy process.

Letour advised me that my only hope was to bring in a well before the flooding of the Kingdom. The scale of compensation likely to be granted by the courts would then be so great as to make it impracticable for the Larsen Company to proceed with the project.

I WENT back to my hotel feeling that my trip to Calgary had been wasted. Not only that, but Fergus was apparently so sure of himself that he hadn't even bothered to proceed with his charges in connection with the mineral rights. It left me with the impression that he didn't consider me worth bothering about. And since Trevedian was undoubtedly keeping a watch on the rig, I could well understand this. He must know by now that we were in bad country and drilling only two feet per hour.

I would have pulled out of Calgary the next morning, only something happened that evening which radically altered my plans. I hadn't been near the *Calgary Tribune*, feeling it would be a waste of time and that they had now lost interest in our drilling operations.

However, I had phoned Winnick and I suppose he must have let them know I was in town, for the editor himself rang me up in the afternoon and asked me to have dinner with him. And when I got to his club, I found he had a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation man with him and the whole picture suddenly brightened, for the C.B.C. man wanted me to broadcast. His interest had been aroused by the report of Steve Strachan, the *Calgary Tribune* reporter who had visited us.

This sudden interest in what we were doing gave me fresh heart. I stayed on and did the broadcast, for now that I was down in a town and forced to face the situation with realism, I found I could not sustain the forced optimism that had been engendered by the tense atmosphere of the Kingdom. I was already subconsciously working towards obtaining the best compensation I could from the courts. Upon what they awarded me depended the extent to which I could repay those who had helped me. I made it clear, therefore, both in the broadcast and in the article I wrote for the *Calgary Tribune*, that we were into the igneous country that had stopped Campbell Number One and that, given a few more weeks, we should undoubtedly bring in a well.

This false optimism produced immediate dividends, for on the morning after the broadcast Acheson, Henry Fergus's solicitor, came to see me. He looked pale and angry, which was not surprising since Fergus had sent him with an offer of 100,000 dollars. I was very tempted to accept. And then Acheson said, "Of course, in view of the publicity you have been getting, we shall require a statement that you are now of the opinion that Campbell was wrong and there is no oil in that area of the Rockies."

"And if I don't make the statement?"

"Then I'm instructed to withdraw the offer."

I went over to the window and stood looking out across the railway tracks. To make that statement meant finally branding my grandfather as a liar and a cheat. It meant reversing all I'd aimed at in the last few months. It would be a final act of cowardice. "Would Fergus agree to free transportation of all vehicles and personnel down by the hoist and over the Thunder Valley road?"

"Yes."

"All right," I said. "I'll think about it."

He glanced at his watch. "You'll have to think fast then. This offer is open till midday."

"What's the hurry?"

"Fergus wants to get shot of the whole business."

He left me then and for an hour I paced up and down the room, trying to balance my unwillingness to accept defeat against the need to repay the men who had helped me.

And then the bell-hop came and I knew why they had been in such a hurry to get a decision out of me. It was a telegram from Boy, dispatched from Keithley: *Through sill at fifty-eight hundred. Drilling ten per hour. Everyone optimistic. Second consignment fuel on way. Boy.*

I stared at it, excitement mounting inside me, reviving my hopes, bursting like a flood over my mood of pessimism. I seized hold of the phone and rang Acheson. "I just wanted to let you know that half a million dollars wouldn't buy the Kingdom now," I told him. "We're in the clear and drilling ten feet an hour. You knew that damn' well, didn't you? Well, you can tell Fergus it's going to cost him a fortune to flood the Kingdom."

I slammed down the receiver without giving him a chance to reply. The damned crooks. They'd known we were through the sill. They'd known it by the speed at which the travelling block moved down the rig. That's why they'd increased their offer. I was laughing aloud in my excitement as I picked up the phone and rang the editor of the *Calgary Tribune*. I told him the whole thing, how they'd offered me 100,000 dollars knowing all the time we were in the clear.

"If they'll only give us long enough," I said, "we'll bring in that well."

"I'll see what I can do," he said. "We'll run this story and I'll write a leader that won't do you any harm. When are you planning to go up there?"

"I'll be leaving first thing in the morning," I said.

"Okay. Well, don't worry about transport. I'll have Steve pick you up in the station wagon around nine. You don't mind him coming up with you?"

"Of course not."

EARLY the following evening, Steve and I arrived in Jasper. There was little snow on the mountains now and it was still warm after the blistering heat of the day.

It was only that evening, as I sat drinking beer with Jeff Hart, that I realized I had been over a week in Calgary and hadn't felt ill. "It's our dry, healthy climate, I guess," Jeff said. He took a newspaper from his pocket and passed it across to me. It was the Edmonton paper and it carried a long news story on development in the Kingdom. The effect was to make me even more impatient to get back. Somehow, I couldn't bear the thought that they might strike oil before I got up there.

Moses was barking a welcome to us as we rode up to the ranch-house. Jean came in as we unsaddled. Her eyes were bright in the gloom of the stable and as I gripped her arms and felt the trembling excitement of her body the place seemed

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

"I AM covering up one of my fingers in this, the only picture that was taken of me as a child. I was five, and had cut myself throwing bottles about in the Welsh village where we lived in my father's public house," says the subject of it, forty-two years later. He still has the scar.

"My parents always spoke Welsh, and I did not learn English until I was eight. It took me until I was ten to win a scholarship of £4 a year at a county school. When I was eleven I wrote a play. My mother was shocked, my teachers incredulous and my father mystified. The only play he had ever seen was *Romeo and Juliet*, acted by Forbes-Robertson."

His teacher there was a kind and understanding woman called Sarah Grace Cooke. She saw something in the shy little boy and showed him the right books, and encouraged him in his ambitions to conquer the world and, years later, when he was starting out in it, lent him £100.

Under her care, he developed as a scholar and, at seventeen, went to Oxford to sit for a scholarship. "I was completely routed when I discovered that the other competitors were from Eton and Harrow. Still, I won the scholarship. Then, by winning others, I was able to be in residence at Christ Church at £320 a year, without costing my family anything. In fact, I was able to send a few welcome pounds home."

He wrote play after play, but nobody wanted to stage them. Back in Wales, he tutored Megan Lloyd George in French for three months. Then one of his plays was put on at Oxford. "With the £5 royalties I got from it, I chucked up the regular teaching job I had started two weeks before, boarded a train for London, and talked a producer into giving me a part as an actor."

Today he is a leading playwright and actor. For his name, turn to page 35

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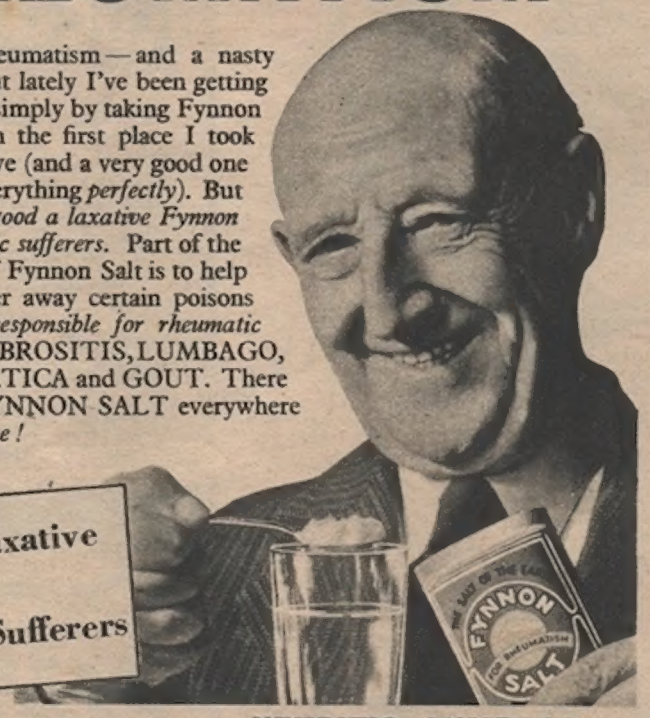

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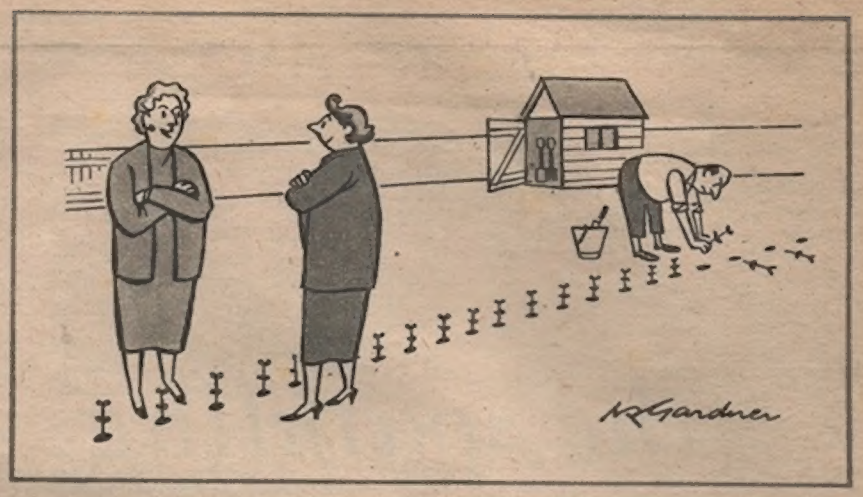


like home. "Have we brought in a well?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "The boys are working shifts round the clock now," she said. "They're determined that if it's there they'll get down to it." The tightness of her voice revealed the strain they were working under, and when we went out into the sunlight, I was shocked to see how tired she looked.

"What are they down to now?" I asked.

"Six thousand four hundred."

"Let's go down to the rig," I said. "I've got some mail for them and a lot of newspapers."

"Sure you're not too tired?" She was looking at me anxiously. "I was afraid——" She turned away and stared towards the rig. "They've nearly finished the dam," she said quickly. "They've been working at it like beavers. A week ago they took on fifty extra men."

"When do they expect to complete it?"

"In two days' time."

Two days! I turned to Steve. "You hear that, Steve? Two days."

He nodded. "It'll be quite a race."

THE strain I had seen in Jean's face was stamped on the faces of everyone on the rig. They were pulling pipe when we arrived, Garry working the draw-works and Boy, acting as derrick man.

"Where are the others?" I asked Jean.

"Sleeping. I told you, they're working round the clock now."

As soon as they'd changed the bit and were drilling again, they all crowded round me, wanting to hear the news from Calgary, eagerly scanning the papers I had brought and searching the bundle of mail for their own letters.

"Did you see Winnick?" Garry asked me. His voice was hard and terse.

I nodded.

"What did he say?"

"He's been over the seismograms again. He thinks we'll strike it around seven thousand or not at all."

"We'll be at seven thousand the day after tomorrow."

"We'll just have to make it," I said. "Have you seen anything of Trevedian?"

"No. But he's got somebody posted on top of that buttress, keeping an eye on us through glasses. If that bastard shows his face down here——" He turned and stared towards the dam. His battered face looked crumpled and old in the hard sunlight. "I wish to God we'd got a geologist up here. If we do strike it, as like as not it'll be gas and we'll blow the rig to hell."

"If you do strike it," I said, "you won't need to worry about the rig."

"It's not the rig I'm worrying about," he snapped. "It's the drilling crew." He gave a quick, nervous laugh. "I've never drilled a well without knowing what was going on under the surface."

His manner as much as his appearance warned me that nerves were strung taut. It was not surprising; there were only nine of them to keep the rig going the twenty-four hours, and it needed four men on each shift. Pretty soon both myself and Steve Strachan were doing our stint. I did the shift from eight to twelve and by the time I had been called at four to go on duty again, I began to understand the strain they had been working under. I came off duty at eight, had some breakfast and turned in.

I hadn't been asleep more than an hour before I was woken with the news that Trevedian had arrived and wanted to see me. He was in the main room of the ranch-house and he had an officer of the Provincial Police with him. Garry was there, too, and he held a sheet of paper in his hand. "Trevedian's just served us with notice to quit," he said, handing me the paper.

It was a warning that flooding of the Kingdom under the provisions of the Provincial Government Act of 1939 might be expected any time after August 18. It was written on the Larsen Company's notepaper and signed by Henry Fergus. I looked across at Trevedian. "The dam's complete, is it?" I asked.

He nodded. "Just about."

"When are you closing the sluice gates?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe tomorrow. Maybe the day after. As soon as we're ready." He turned to the policeman. "Well, Eddie, you've seen the note delivered. Anything you want to say?"

The officer shook his head. "You've read the notice, Mr. Wetheral. I'd just remind you that, as from 10.00 hours tomorrow morning, the Larsen Company is entitled to flood this area and that from that time they cannot be held responsible for any loss of movable equipment."

"Meaning the rig?"

He nodded. "I'm sorry, fellows, but there it is." He and Trevedian left.

Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. At length, Garry said: "Better get some sleep, boys. We're on again in an hour and a half."

"Any chance of bringing in a well between now and ten o'clock tomorrow?" Steve Strachan asked.

Garry rounded on him with a snarl. "If I knew that, do you think we'd be standing around looking like a bunch of steers waiting for the slaughter-house?" And he flung out of the room, back to his bunk.

WHEN I went on shift at midday, the drill was down to 6,622 feet. When we came off again at four o'clock, we had added another forty-three feet. It was blazing hot and the sweat streamed off me, for we had just had the grief stem out and added another length of pipe. I stood for a while, staring across to the dam. The silence there was uncanny. Not a soul moved. I mopped my forehead with a sweat-damp handkerchief. There wasn't a breath of air. The whole Kingdom seemed silent and watching, as though waiting for something. A glint of sun on glasses showed from the rock buttress. They were still keeping us under observation.

That night at dinner a brooding silence reigned over the table. It had the stillness of weather before a storm. It was in tune with the sultry heat of the night. The faces of the men gathered round the table were thin and tired and shiny with sweat.

They sat around till eight, waiting for the change of shift. Every now and then, one of them would go to the door and listen, his head cocked on one side, listening for some change in

the rhythm of the rig, waiting for the news that they'd brought in a well.

But the shift changed and the drilling went steadily on, the bit grinding into the rock, 6,713 feet below the surface, at the rate of ten and a half feet per hour. I got some sleep and went on shift again at midnight. Jean was still up, standing by the stable, looking at the moon. She didn't say anything, but her hand found mine and gripped it.

Boy passed us, going to the rig. "There's a storm brewing," he said.

There was a ring round the moon and though it was still as sultry as an oven, there was a dampness in the air. "Something must break soon," Jean whispered. "I can't stand this suspense any longer."

"It'll all be over tomorrow when they flood the place," I said.

She sighed and pressed my arm and turned away. I watched her go back into the ranch-house. Then slowly I walked down to the rig. Garry was driller on this shaft and Don Leggert, one of Boy's assistants, was acting as derrick man. We sat on the bench beside the draw-works, smoking and feeling the drill vibrating along our spines.

"Queer how the moon reflects on the ground below the dam," Garry said.

"It's the mist rising," Boy murmured.

"I guess so. Queer. It looks as though it were shining on water." A breath of wind touched our faces. "What's that over there—beyond Solomon's Judgment? Looks like a cloud."

We peered beyond the white outline of the peak. The sky there no longer had the luminosity of moonlight. There were no stars. It looked pitch black and strangely solid. The wind was suddenly chill. "It's the storm that's been brewing," Boy said.

I DON'T know who noticed it first—the change in the note of the draw-works' diesel. It penetrated to my mind as something different, a slowing up, a stickiness that deepened the note of the engine. Boy shouted something, and then Garry's voice thundered out: "The mud pump—quick!" His big body was across the platform in a flash.

Don and I had jumped to our feet, but we stood there, dazed, not knowing what was happening or what had to be done.

"Get the hell off that platform," Garry shouted up to us. "Run, you fools! Run for your lives!"

I heard Boy say: "God! We've struck it!" And then we collided in a mad scramble for the ladder.

As I reached the ladder, I caught a glimpse of the travelling block out of the tail of my eye. The wire hawsers that held it suspended from the crown block were slack and the grief stem was slowly rising, pushing it upwards. Then I was down the ladder and jumping for the ground, running blindly, not knowing what to expect, following the flying figures of my companions. The ground became boggy. It squelched under my feet. Then water splashed in my face and I stopped, thinking we'd reached the stream. The others had stopped, too. They were standing, staring back at the rig.

The grief stem was lifted right up to the crown block now. It was held there for a moment and then with a rending and tearing of steel it thrust the rig up clear of the ground. Then the stem bent over. The rig toppled and came crashing to the ground. The draw-works, suddenly freed of their load, raced madly with a clattering cacophony of sound.

And then, in brilliant moonlight that gave the whole thing an air of unreality, we watched the pipe seemingly squeezed out of the ground like toothpaste out of a tube.

It was like that for a moment, a great snake of piping, turning and twisting upwards and then with a roar like a hundred express trains it was blown clear.

To be concluded next week

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 32 is of Emlyn Williams as a child.

THE ALPS or RIVIERA for YOU?

WOULD you prefer a glorious holiday for two with the *Bullets* party in Switzerland, or would you choose to join JOHN BULL's holiday-makers in the Riviera sunshine?

Even if you have never entered for *Bullets* before, a few well-chosen words on your coupon below can bring you £500 cash *and* the new, thrilling privilege of choosing the Alps or lovely Menton for your ten-day trip to wonderland.

This contest, remember, is the last of the *Bullets* Swiss and Riviera offers of 1952—*don't be too late for the holiday of a lifetime!*

£500 "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE plus SWISS or RIVIERA HOLIDAY for TWO

With your chosen companion, you fly B.E.A. to Switzerland or the Riviera. Luxurious accommodation and grand Tour, either to the Rhône Glacier or along the Italian coast to San Remo and Alassio, will be provided by JOHN BULL through Cook's. (Cash offer in lieu if winner unable to join either party.)

1,569 OTHER PRIZES

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2. 10s., 50 of 10s.

1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Britain's Machinery
Way To Work
The Chancellor's Harvest
Just For Propaganda
In Black And White
A Step Forward
Full Of Ideas
Pretty To Watch
Captured Her Heart
With A Pained Expression
Basking In The Sunshine
Upset Colonel Chutneigh
Grandpa's Photograph
The Stork
Now Sonny's Got A Bicycle
For Good
Suffering
In Shining Armour
More Fun
When The Police Arrived

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions above

.....We've Lost
Supposed To Be.....
Tour Of The.....
Did ..... A Kindness
Took A Bit Of.....
..... Without Tears

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,843 (or Xword 795) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Aug. 9, and in JOHN BULL dated Aug. 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

"Bullets" Winners 1,838

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: H. Gravil, 102 Woodlands Road, Doncaster:
Helps Us To Walk Upright—"Book's" Simple Lesson

£50: J. V. Silcox, 23 Clyde Road, Redland, Bristol: WITH A SKYSCRAPER ON THE TOP — OF EVEREST — MAN *Satisfied?*

£25: J. Ax, c/o 9 Council Houses, Ponteland, Newcastle: KING SOL—"ROYALTY" BRITONS *Can't* TRUST.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. E. Jones, 20 Llanfair Road, Penygraig, Rhondda: NOT A POLICEMAN TO BE SEEN—BUT "OBSERVE" THE LAW! £9: E. P. Taunton, 12 St. Ann's Road, Malvern: HELPS US TO FACE—THE HUMDRUM — HUMMING, DREAMING. £8: L. Richardson, 10 Jersey Avenue, Stanmore: A LIVING SHIELD—RUTHLESS "GANG" USING, CHINA. £7: Miss G. E. Steel, 55 Lansdowne Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea: NOT A PSYCHIATRIST TO BE SEEN — AT THUG'S *Third* TRIAL! £6: G. Ryder, 26 Helen Street, Lower Broughton, Salford: QUITE UNDERSTANDABLE — HOLLYWOOD OVERLOOKING *Koje* "EPIC"! £5: C. Coombs, 3 Taff Terrace, Treorchy: FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN—"DECORATORS" I *Can* AFFORD. £5: J. Moughan, 63 Brooklands Road, Prestwich, Manchester: AT HELSINKI — FLYING SAUCER? GRANDPA'S DISCUS!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin.*

50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

FINE SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 795

1. Element of uncertainty adds to a man's excitement when he does this
2. Winter winds may make old one more dangerous
5. Is naturally found on carpet sometimes
7. Some people think tin is inclined to spoil them
8. Strong one now and again gives way under pressure
11. Many people would be hurt and indignant if offered this
12. Average chap has little idea as to this of a taxi
13. Tinned these aren't so common as they used to be in grocers' shops

Down Clues

1. Archaeologist writing book may want to do this
3. To get this quickly seems all that some people think about
4. Agricultural worker shouldn't find it so difficult to come by one
6. May well not be beaten at all easily
7. Majority of people would appreciate a pretty one
9. A dramatist may pride himself on this and yet be a failure
10. Farmer who can't get the extra man he needs may have to resign himself to

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25 amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 SURPRISE PARCELS containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

£100 AND HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 790

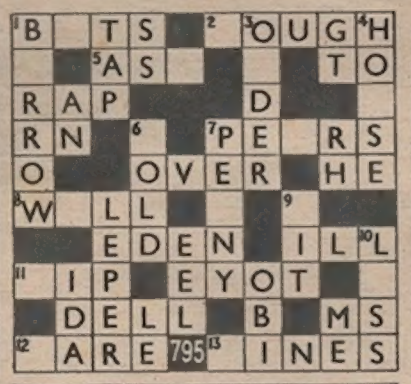
WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Hooks. 3, Report. 5, Lear. 6, Tune. 9, Shake. 10, Clover. 12, Shot. 13, Curry. DOWN: 1, Held. 2, Mole. 4, Terms. 7, Nips. 8, Fag. 9, Sacks. 11, Boy or Toy.

OUTRIGHT WINNER OF £100 plus £25 HOLIDAY AWARD: J. D. Bancroft, 74 Bush Grove, Stanmore, Middx.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 9 entrants, each of whom receives Summer Surprise Parcel in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

GIANT "MAGIC CARPET" OFFER NEXT WEEK

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **795** Closing Postmark MON., JULY 21

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 2.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. .....
B. .....
EX. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,843** Monday, JULY 21

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

No.....

Signed .....

Address.....

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FOR AUGUST TOURNAMENT OFFER, APPLY for this "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated August 2. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants, simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Can you find the Ruby in your Guinness?

Somebody — somebody not in the picture — sometimes says Guinness is black. Then of course his friends — who *are* in the picture — have to show him just how wrong he is.

It's simply a matter of holding your Guinness up to a light and tilting it this way and that. At the bottom of the glass you will catch the glint of a rich, red ruby!

This ruby gleam is the true colour of Guinness. It comes from the roasted barley which is one of Guinness's pure, natural ingredients.

Yes, Guinness is a *natural* brew; its clean, smooth taste never cloys. That is why this ruby-gleaming brew is such a grand summer drink; it is truly refreshing, as well as invigorating.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.1880